

SEPTEMBER 11, 1943

Periodical

# AMERICA

## ITALY, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

Luigi Sturzo

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Edward F. Garesche

## THE TWENTY-FOUR HOUR STRIKE

John Condon

THE POETS:

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A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

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## FOR THE RECORD

A long span of years stretches from April, 1909, till September, 1943. Those who have been subscribing to *America* through all of the sixty-nine volumes have spent, approximately, \$130.00. The original price was \$3.00. In 1919 this was raised to \$4.00. Then, with the beginning of the post-depression inflation, it was a sad necessity that the subscription rate had to be raised to \$4.50. Even though printing and paper spiral more, we hope to keep the subscription rate at the present ceiling. But the many who have been subscribers to *America* through thirty-four years will still be loyal, despite the increases. We are gratified to round out further the Honor Roll of *America*, by recording the following *America* Firsts:

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# AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

SEPTEMBER 11, 1943

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## WHO'S WHO

DON LUIGI STURZO, leader of the Christian social party in pre-Fascist Italy, has been living in the United States since the Black Shirts took over. Now that Italy is again at the fork of the road, he reviews the groups and forces which have determined Italian history—and from which the new turn must be chosen. The discussion—in two parts—will be concluded in next week's issue.... PATRICIA ALLEN is the daughter of a Texas railroad man who took his gun and fishing tackle and daughter along wherever he went—and that was all over the country. She has written for the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Woman's Home Companion*, *This Week* and other magazines.... KATHERINE YEHLE is a Baltimorean who loves her city in spite of its present ugly face. While she casts the first stone at sordid wartime living conditions through this account of one city, doubtless a hundred Katherine Yehles could write similar accounts of a hundred other American war-time cities.... REV. EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ adds another chapter to his survey of potential recruits to the religious life—why some girls consider becoming nuns and some do not. Father Garesché is the founder of the missionary congregation, the Daughters of Mary, Health of the Sick.... JOHN CONDON, who presents the causes and workings of the recent one-day strike of the Los Angeles street-railway employees, is a resident of California.... KATHERINE BRÉGY, lecturer and author, is well known to *AMERICA* readers. Her tribute to Robert Frost is also an indirect compliment to the Pulitzer judges—they might have picked an unintelligible poet.

# COMMENT ON THE WEEK

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**Four Years of War.** It is time to stand up, like Daniel Webster on a famous occasion, and call for the reading of the question at issue. Much ink and many words have been expended on telling us what we are fighting for; perhaps it may be useful to recall to memory how the fight began. Our part of the shooting began with Pearl Harbor; but the fight into which it brought us had been going on for two and a half years by that time. It began on that September day, four years ago, when the Luftwaffe roared over Poland and Hitler unleashed the blitzkrieg. Great Britain and France then declared war upon Germany, in fulfilment of their guarantee to Poland. In the last twelve months or so, that fact has been obscured at times; now and then one had to ask himself if this or that writer really knew what the war in Europe was all about. It is consoling, then, to learn that Poland's heroic four years is being remembered on this anniversary. The *Weekly Review* of the Polish Catholic Press Agency reports that several Governors and Mayors set aside September 1 as "Tribute to Poland Day." First to stand up to the Nazi war machine, Poland has never surrendered and never produced a Quisling. She made her gallant and almost suicidal gesture knowing that rescue could come in time only by a miracle, but trusting in the honor of Britain and France for her ultimate vindication. Triumphant Britain and resurgent France must make it their care to honor the pledge for which they first drew the sword.

**Churchill on Russia.** In the British Prime Minister's latest speech, which was broadcast to the world from Quebec on August 31, he seemed preoccupied with widespread criticism of American and British policy toward Russia. While much of this criticism is ignorant, and much of it arises from Communist sources which, despite the dissolution of the Comintern, continue to reflect Moscow policies, the net result has been to engender a confusion in the public mind, especially in Britain, that is complicating both the conduct of the war and plans for peace. Mr. Churchill's words were such as to clarify this befuddled issue. "There is nothing nearer to the wishes of President Roosevelt and myself," he explained, "than to have a threefold meeting with Marshal Stalin." He described Mr. Roosevelt and himself as being "very glad to associate Russian representatives with us in the political decisions which arise out of the victories the Anglo-American forces have gained in the Mediterranean." But on the question of a second front in Western Europe, he took the position that the blow would be struck only when there was good prospect that our soldiers' lives would be expended "in accordance with sound military plan and not squandered for political considerations of any kind." With this un-

equivocal policy there can be no reasonable quarrel. Messrs. Roosevelt and Churchill understand, at least as well as their critics, the necessity of close collaboration with Russia both now and in the post-war world. But it takes two to make a deal; and so far it has been Premier Stalin who has refused to sit down and talk things over. Maybe his very articulate friends in this country and Britain can do something about that.

**Manpower Headache.** At the week's end it must have been apparent to the President and his advisers that some major decision must soon be made on the manpower crisis. All attempts to solve this problem by persuading the Armed Services to review their plans for a combined force of more than 10,000,000 men have apparently failed. In response to Congressional demands last Spring for a smaller Army, Secretary of War Stimson announced that the size of the Army was "under study," but, however sincerely this study was undertaken, Army authorities have gone right on inducting men as if no manpower shortage existed. By the end of this year we shall have, strictly according to plan, an Army of 7,400,000 men. Next year that figure will grow to 8,200,000. It is no secret that the Army and Navy have called 966,000 men for July, August and September, and that before January 1, 1944, they will add 900,000 more. It is this continued high rate of inductions, with the consequent pinch on industrial manpower, which lately forced Paul McNutt, head of the War Manpower Commission, to warn deferred fathers to transfer to essential employment or face induction into the Services. Mr. McNutt estimates that between now and July, 1944, at least 2,600,000 persons must shift to war industries to avoid a serious breakdown in production schedules. Already West Coast aircraft manufacturers have warned the Army that it must choose between more soldiers on the ground and more planes in the air. But the Army refuses to choose, demands men on the ground and planes in the air alike.

**Job Security.** By now it must be clear, also, that the manpower shortage will not be alleviated by threats to draft deferred men who refuse to shift to essential occupations. In response to Mr. McNutt's latest ultimatum, only relatively small numbers of deferred fathers have applied to the United States Employment Service for war-useful jobs. Even with the threat of military service hanging over their heads, they are sticking to their peace-time jobs. Now this is a phenomenon which deserves very serious study, especially in Congress, where there is a tendency to belittle the Administration's solicitude over employment in the post-war world. The chief reason why men are not will-

ing to shift to war jobs, even at the risk of military service, can be summed up in two words—job security. They are thinking of the postwar situation when millions of war workers will lose their present employment and have to compete for jobs with more millions of demobilized soldiers. How serious a problem that is going to be appears from a recent study: "Employment After the War," prepared by John H. G. Pierson, of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, for the American Federation of Labor. According to Mr. Pierson, when the shooting stops some 8,000,000 servicemen will be looking for jobs, and these will be joined by more than 6,000,000 war workers displaced by the demobilization of war industry. The lesson is clear: until Congress deals forthrightly with this postwar problem, appeals to shift from secure peacetime work to insecure war jobs will have only a limited success.

**Miners Sentenced.** After pleading "no defense" to charges that they had violated the War Labor Disputes Act, twenty-seven United Mine Workers received, from a Pittsburgh Court, a six-months' suspended prison sentence and were placed on probation for three years. This decision, tempering justice with mercy, is a commendable solution to an unfortunate case. There seems little doubt that the defendants were guilty, as charged, of instigating strikes in Government-operated mines, but their guilt was greatly mitigated by circumstances. For months their leaders have shown an open disrespect for legally-constituted authority. They have spoken of the War Labor Board in a manner calculated to destroy the authority of that agency. They have carried on, in the pages of the official union publication, a demagogic campaign against the Government's fight on inflation. They have permitted strikes against Government-operated mines. No wonder these misguided rank and filers made light of the Smith-Connally law. In view of such circumstances, Federal Judge F. P. Schoonmaker did well to hand down suspended sentences. "These men have learned their lesson," their attorney assured the Court, "and I think they all regret what they have done." The whole country hopes that these sentiments are shared by top officials of the United Mine Workers. It remembers, with trepidation, that John L. Lewis set an October 31 deadline for the present truce in the coal-fields, and has given no sign that he has changed his mind.

**Depopulated Europe.** With the exception of Russia and Germany, the warring nations have not suffered in World War II, thus far, at any rate, the same holocausts of manpower that strewed Verdun and Flanders with hundreds of thousands of young men. For that we are grateful; but we cannot for a moment forget that this war is taking a hideous toll in manpower that staggers the imagination. That toll is in the manpower of the future; malnutrition and starvation are rendering thousands unfit to be the mothers and fathers of the next generation; those forced to labor for the Reich—and the number is estimated at 12,000,000, of which 2,500,000 are from France—are in great part separated

from wives and families, and the normal process of rearing children has fallen into a three or four year eclipse. Europe is being alarmingly depopulated. What a time, when the world is crying out for children, for planned childlessness to parade under the guise of human betterment! The Old World is old indeed—old and petering out; we wonder how long we shall be able to continue calling this the New World—new in hope and initiative, and in the surging younger generations?

**Youth in Mexico.** Last month in Mexico City the Continental Youth for Victory Conference held its meetings. The Mexican Catholic Youth Association (ACJM) participated because, as they said: "We were asked to give our opinion on the attitude of youth in the present conflict and in the construction of the postwar world, and as Catholics we have the inescapable obligation of giving witness of our Catholic faith wherever we are summoned." Before participating, the Association made certain that it would be allowed to present the Catholic Youth viewpoint, whenever this did not coincide with those of the Mexican or other delegations. This they did, with emphasis on the following fundamental points:

1. Participation of youth in war ought to be subordinate to the instructions dictated by the legitimate authorities of the countries at war.
2. The postwar world ought to be based on an international order derived from the teaching of Our Lord Jesus Christ. Otherwise future wars will not be avoided.
3. The human person should be respected not merely by a factual tolerance, but by legal recognition of its rights. Consequently we fight for—and the Conference so approved—the liberty of education.
4. When a message to Soviet youth was proposed, we maintained that we would agree to subscribing to a message to *Russian* youth, with an express and categorical rejection of the Communist regime, which is opposed to democratic principles and the doctrine of the Church. This provoked scandalous protests from a determined sector.
5. The signing of political pacts falls outside the field of activities of our organization, which is above every political party and all party politics.

We are proud of our Mexican Catholic youth.

**Academic Freedom.** A battle for freedom is going on in the famous old University of Mexico. Influential forces are attempting to clamp the hide-bound and anti-social doctrine of Marx on professors and students. A similar struggle occurred during the presidency of Lazaro Cardénas, when Lombardo Toledano, Narciso Bassols, and Nacho García Tellez carried on a campaign designed to extinguish the independence of the venerable institution, while Garrido Canabal machine-gunned a group of the university's students to death. Today the totalitarians, who style themselves "liberals" and are so reckoned by all too many of our American writers, are again gunning for an end of freedom in the university chair, and the enthronement of Communism as sole dictator of the faculty and classroom. In our country we condemn an academic freedom which is rather an unlimited license to teach any doctrine whatever, no matter how immoral or de-

structive of love of country. In Mexico the word has a contrary meaning in academic tribulations. It means the freedom at least not to profess and practise the principles of Karl Marx. Taken in that sense, we hope that freedom lives, and that Mexico vindicates its right to be aligned with the democracies of the Western World.

**Noisome Equinox.** The Greek tragedians did manage to give us some immortal literature on the delicate theme of incest; when some modern novelists handle it, it becomes immoral. Now, a book in this vein is bad enough; but when a book reviewer estimates it on grounds that simply rule out considering the fact as sinful, then we have a harm, indeed. *Equinox*, by Allan Seager, is the book, this time, and one Marjorie Farber, writing in the New York Times Book Section for August 22, the reviewer. Says she, so smartly: "Incest . . . has here been examined . . . with none of the sinister hocus-pocus by which a creaking morality is usually substituted for understanding." Add this gem:

Exposing the incorrigible moralism of our culture, [the author] has seen how we use psychiatric definitions to hide moral judgments. The Puritans branded their victims with scarlet letters. We, in our incomplete transition from sin to science, impale them thoughtlessly on Freudian pins.

Oh, happy day, when even the *soupçon* of a creaking morality that still lingers unwelcome in Freudianism is swept away by "science," and we are free just to "understand." Understand what—men or beasts?

**W. W. Jacobs.** Many who read of the recent death of W. W. Jacobs will have thought gratefully of him as an author who gave joy to their youth. He wrote about sailors; but his sailors are as far from Conrad's or Clark Russell's as his sleepy, sunny little harbors of the Thames estuary are from the great spaces of the Pacific or the Indian Ocean. They spend most of their time ashore engaged in financial or matrimonial difficulties, or fashioning petards that are sure to hoist the engineer before the game is played out. Some of his best tales—those retailing the misfortunes of the impecunious and improvident Sam Small, Ginger Dick and Peter Russet—are from the lips of the Night Watchman. This disillusioned misogynist has suffered much from the wiles of women, to which a susceptible heart under an unprepossessing exterior has rendered him particularly vulnerable. The Wedding Guest, hearing the loud bassoon, had more chance of escape than the casual traveler who halted to slake his thirst at the "Cauliflower" inn at Clʌbury when the Oldest Inhabitant, sunning himself under the elms, scented the prospect of a pipe of 'baccy and a pint of mild and bitter in exchange for a story of Bob Pretty. *The Monkey's Paw*, perhaps the best example of one group of Jacobs' tales, has been chosen for more than one anthology of the sinister and macabre. To re-read Jacobs is to be carried back to a nostalgic country un hurried by autos, unexacerbated by radios, untroubled by any fore-cast shadows of a world in flames.

## UNDERSCORINGS

DIFFICULTIES of wartime transport have caused the Vatican to permit the extra-Roman publication of the *Acta Apostolicae Sedis*, official bulletin of the Holy See. Single copies will be flown to Washington, and other world centers. Photostats will then be made to ensure exact identity of contents, and the journal will be circulated in photostatic form.

► A Vatican radio broadcast, replying to Nazi charges of Papal discrimination, states that: "The Holy See abstains from granting formal recognition to changes of frontiers and creations of new States which take place in wartime and are based solely on the force of arms, so long as they have not become international law by the conclusion of peace."

► Just published is a memorandum of the Catholic Bishops of Lithuania to the resident German commissioner, demanding liberty of religion. The memorandum, says the N.C.W.C. *News Service*, insisted on freedom of property, of teaching and of action by the Church in its own specific field.

► A sad airplane crash in Rio de Janeiro Bay took the life of the Archbishop of Sao Paolo, Most Rev. Giuseppe Gaspare de Affonseca y Silva, and seventeen others, among them the Archbishop's Secretary. This great pastor of souls will be remembered for the immense throng which his zeal brought together for the midnight Mass in Sao Paolo in 1942, when over 600,000 gathered at his request to honor the Nativity.

► Many distinguished prelates from the United States will attend the Eucharistic Congress next October at Tulancingo, State of Hidalgo in Mexico, the See of Bishop Miranda who visited this country last year with the Inter-American Seminar on Social Studies.

► The President of Peru, Manuel Prado, called for a Concordat with the Holy See in his annual message to Congress. He recommended the "Study of an instrument of public law which expresses the increasing and indestructible harmony between the Vatican and Peru."

► At Lisieux in France, famed as the religious home of the Little Flower, a new seminary has been opened for students training under the "Mission of France" plan for "rechristianizing France" through missionary work.

► Wrote Lieut. Col. Devereux, hero of the marine defense of Wake Island: "I hold Rosary on Sundays when we are not working." His letter to his mother came from his Shanghai prison camp.

► At Frankfort, Kentucky, reports *Religious News Service*, the Court of Appeals was asked by attorneys for religious and charitable institutions to withdraw its opinion holding that money pledges made through one's interest in Christian education lacked "valuable consideration" and were not enforceable at law.

► Chaplain Thomas Terrence Brady of Jerseyville, Ill., was killed in action in the Solomon Islands. Chaplain James P. Flynn of the Crookston, Minn., diocese, was killed in action in Sicily.

## THE NATION AT WAR

THE war for the United Nations is in a more favorable position than at any previous time. Wars are usually full of surprises, and this one has been no exception. It can not, therefore, be assumed that its end is approaching. Perhaps, as the British Prime Minister stated in his Quebec speech of August 31, the Almighty may shorten the duration of the war. But, short or long, the road to victory will be pursued.

In Russia, the Germans continue to be forced backwards. In a brilliant break-through the Russians arrived in the rear of Taganrog, an important city on the Sea of Azov, and forced the Germans out with apparently considerable losses.

West from Kharkov, the Russians are meeting increased resistance, and their rate of advance in this sector is declining. Opposite Bryansk, the Russians are already close to that place. Further north, Yelnya, which is near Smolensk, has fallen. These great successes promise well for the continued push onwards of our Russian allies.

In Italy, active operations have mainly been restricted to an intensive bombing of Italian railroads and airfields. In South Italy these have been bombed so much that it seems hardly possible that either railroads or airfields can still be functioning. An invasion may soon land, possibly coupled with one on Sardinia. They may not be seriously opposed by the Italians.

German troops are reported moving into North Italy. This is presumably with the consent, if not by invitation, of the Badoglio Government. They have taken over the seacoast from the French border to the naval base at Spezia, and on the Adriatic, the town of Ancona. A line from Spezia to Ancona is the probable line of resistance at which the Germans will make their main defense. It is a strong mountain position. All of Central and South Italy may be abandoned, with only delaying actions fought against invaders. The Germans are already preparing this new line for the expected battle.

The bombing of Germany is being accelerated. The main effort is to destroy cities having some industrial value, to stop production and to disperse and demoralize the workers. Destruction has been enormous. Whether this will induce a demand for surrender by those subject to the horrors of this type of warfare, or whether it will engender hatred and a fiercer determination to resist, has not yet been determined.

In view of Germany's declining prestige, the Danes, who for long have been a patient people, have taken courage and have revolted against their German masters. Opposition is reported rising in Bulgaria to further connection with the Axis. Strange, that these two countries are the very ones which have been best treated by Germany, and where no atrocities have been committed. If these two countries feel so bitterly, it is easy to imagine what the people of Poland think, for here the Germans have been most ruthless, and have committed endless cruelties and atrocities.

COL. CONRAD H. LANZA

## WASHINGTON FRONT

IT probably will not take long, when Congress convenes September 14, after a summer at the grass-roots, to show whether the session is to be the richly constructive one it can be or merely the forum of men chiefly intent on trying to provide capital for next year's political campaigning. The material is there for either course, and it will be up to Congress to decide.

The consensus of those who have been out over the country seems to be that there is full support for the way the war is being run and for the performance of commanders and armies in the field, with a possible reservation in some areas as to the extent to which Britain dominates Allied strategy. But comments of many returning Congressmen leave little doubt that there is dissatisfaction with certain home-front affairs and suspicion that Washington has too many bureaus with too many employees.

That some of the affairs of the Office of Price Administration, Office of War Information and other agencies are badly handled is generally acknowledged, and if remedies are not applied by the bureaus themselves there will certainly be corrective action sought.

But if the session is devoted mainly to tearing bureaucrats apart, it will be hard sledding for legislation of lasting importance to the country.

To name just three such matters, there are new taxes to help finance the war, new social-security proposals and postwar collaboration by this country with the rest of the world in maintaining peace.

There are still some 20,000,000 American workers outside the benefits of the Social Security system, and there are bills in Congress to bring these workers into the fold and carry other benefits to millions. Legislation of such humanitarian purpose deserves early and friendly consideration, and consideration that is most discerning, too, for there are some sections of the Social Security proposals that are highly controversial. Whether to federalize unemployment compensation, for example, is an issue certain to provide wide disagreement and probably vigorous opposition from the individual States. Other provisions reach out to what opponents are branding as "socialized medicine."

There are many proposals for postwar action for peace in the family of nations, ranging from mere general expressions of the will of the country to collaborate, to detailed blueprints as to just how such collaboration should be effected.

Senate tax officials have been estimating it may be possible to raise six or seven billion dollars in new taxes, but Treasury officials are talking of raising twice that much. It is always a difficult subject and it will be especially so in the months to come, when the 1944 election will be always in sight.

New battles over labor legislation, draft of fathers and closer scrutiny of all spending, including military, are ahead. There will be plenty of opportunity for long-range, constructive planning if it is taken.

CHARLES LUCEY

# ITALY, WHAT OF THE NIGHT? PROSPECTS AND PROBLEMS

LUIGI STURZO

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IN times of great crisis, peoples experience the same shock as the individual, due to the fact that communication of the state of mind takes place rapidly and simultaneously. From one end to the other of the Italian peninsula, a few weeks ago, Fascism was abjured in a moment by popular revolt. Its symbols were abolished, Fascist headquarters stormed, occupied and destroyed. Badoglio, the new Prime Minister, in less than a week, had dissolved the Fascist Party, abolished the Chamber of Corporations, suppressed the dread Supreme Tribunal, cancelled the Fascist calendar which—with the Roman numerals beside the Christian era—had reached the year XXII. The leaders who had been feared but yesterday are either in jail or have fled to foreign countries. The press is revived, the Government agencies and the Cabinet, the municipalities, are purged of the numerous "hierarchies," small and great. There is no doubt—Fascism has fallen.

In the article, "Italian Problems in War and Peace," published in January, 1943, by the *Review of Politics* of Notre Dame, this writer said:

Fascism is indeed a facade, but one of those facades which stand for years and years until an earthquake overthrows them. Behind them there are many props, and some people have planted some den or dwelling-place or some useful orchard there. These people do not want an earthquake, or dynamite, or even skillful workers to take away this facade and what lies behind it.

The day the United Nations landed in Sicily, the Fascist leaders fled. The populations of the towns and villages, freed from their petty local tyrants, welcomed the Anglo-American troops with flowers and cheers, and helped them as much as possible. Even the soldiers, who had fought against their will, surrendered or mutinied. This fact, repeated from town to town, from village to village, as far as Palermo, the capital of the island (a political city *par excellence* which has several revolutions of far-reaching effect in its history) must have made a tremendous impression on Rome, in the spheres of the Court, the Army, the bureaucracy and the Bank. The Fascist spell was broken.

History will tell how this man, Mussolini, feared and cheered for twenty years, ended his political career like a pricked balloon. The substantial fact—that which represents the historic synthesis—is the overflow of the feeling of liberation, so sudden and strong that the few centers of Fascist resistance faded away overnight.

It is not believable that the Badoglio Government is a mere shift of guard—militarism instead of Fascism; the Army—with the Royal House, the Bank, industrial capitalism, the Church—instead of the Black Shirts. This will be asserted by the extreme Socialists, by old anti-clericals, by those who know little of mass psychology and take no account of historical experience. Apart from the Church—which is often dragged into the picture without any tangible reason—there are still in Italy the Court, the Bank and the big industries, which, of course, wish for stability in political life. But the men now in power would evidence little sense if they should try to re-establish a form of Fascism, even a temperate Fascism, while pretending to give back to the people the liberty and rights they enjoyed until October, 1922.

One can turn the clock back to neither the Fascist nor a semi-Fascist conception of government, nor even to the liberal-democratic system of the 1900-1922 period. General Badoglio promised a return to the Italian Constitution (that of 1848) and the abolition of the death penalty (re-established by Fascism) as soon as the war is over. Meanwhile he has suppressed the Fascist laws most hateful to the people, among which is the anti-Semitic law enacted in the name of an "Italian race" which has never existed. Nevertheless, the constitutional past will serve as a point of reference for succeeding legislation; but not for a pure and simple renewal. In saying this I have no intention of denying the constitutional past of Italy after the manner of those who speak of the anarchy of the four-year, postwar period, 1918-1922, to justify the advent of Fascism and the sympathy accorded to it by the wealthy classes and some clerical elements. In the American press (and the same, I surmise, is taking place in other countries) it has been repeated again that Fascism had the merit of having prevented Communism in Italy. Nothing is more contrary to fact. Communism was but a phantom useful to the Fascists to attack in order to strike at the achievements of thirty years in the labor field, to smash the Catholic and Socialist cooperative societies and trade unions. Riots, strikes, government crises, during the four-year period in Italy were less in number and importance than those which took place in France, and the strikes in England and America.

Unfortunately Fascist propaganda (and capitalist propaganda all over the world) had forged a "current truth" that supplanted the "historic

truth." A great part of the success of the Fascist phenomenon in the world is due to the ability, the extent and the perseverance of such propaganda.

But it is still worse today. On July 25, General Badoglio had the Rome Radio broadcast the following statement:

In 1922 the people chose Fascism to save themselves from demagogues. In 1943 they rejected it after discovery that the curtailment of liberty and the errors it enabled its leaders to make would compromise the country's war effort. This change occurred in war because war made it possible to realize that Fascism was not giving the country order, organization and coordination.

The repudiation of Fascism on the part of Badoglio (and of the King, of course)—according to this version—was neither political nor moral, but a necessity of war; or better (which is simply ridiculous) a revelation made by the war. Military disorder, inefficiency, unpreparedness, must have been so great that Mussolini himself did not dare to react.

But the truth is quite different. In 1922 the Italian people did not choose Fascism; Fascism imposed itself on them by armed squads and through the impunity accorded by the reactionary bourgeoisie to the "young and daring party." The same Badoglio, then Commander-in-Chief of the Army, had said that in a few hours with the troops of the garrison alone, or the Carabinieri, he would have dispersed the Black Shirts in the various occupied centers, and the 7,000 (no more) gathered at Spoleto. History must be revised, not in favor of an "official edition," but for the "truth that frees."

To speak now about the new regime that will be adopted in Italy might seem premature, as we do not know what the outcome of Badoglio's war policy will be. As yet has not accepted the demand for unconditional surrender made by Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill. He has continued the war in Sicily along with Hitler; has tried to withdraw the Italian divisions from the Balkans and perhaps the workers from Germany. Whether this is a temporary policy to reach an armistice with the Allies, or a pure and simple continuation of the Axis war, will be manifest as soon as Sicily is entirely occupied and the Allies begin invasion of the Peninsula.

Whatever the military events may be, the prospects looming ahead are the following: 1) A military government with a temperate martial law—as the case may be—on the part of the occupying troops (AMG) to be established Province by Province, according to military success; 2) a government à la Vichy in Hitler's hands in the zones of northern Italy, if Badoglio surrenders and Hitler decides to resist on the Po line; and 3) finally (and least probable) a revolutionary government, in case the people do not get the peace they long for. In any event, whether it be unconditional surrender or a hopeless resistance or blind revolt, Italy is bound for a certain time to be divided into various zones and fields of bloody experiences.

This period, however, will prepare the future form of the political regime. It will be the test of resistance on the part of the various social classes, of the parties in their formative stages, of the eco-

nomic and political nuclei, of conflicting ideologies, while new personalities will emerge and some of the old ones will come up again, so that, in the storm, the forces of the future will be forged. The length of such a period is dependent on the various vicissitudes of the war. Any prediction in this matter would be without foundation. When the Italians are, at last, united in one national unity and have regained the consciousness of their own being, a certain tranquility, an order of material life and a reorientation in the affairs of their country, it may happen that some problems that now seem to us of primary importance will no longer have immediate significance. Others, which are now impossible to foresee, will demand urgent solution, while still others will be solved by events themselves. Nevertheless, discussion today may be profitable to those who tomorrow will be the makers of their country's destiny, as well as to those who, like the British and Americans, may either help or unconsciously hinder the process of reconstruction.

*(To be continued next week.)*

## BALTIMORE HEADACHE— WARTIME HOUSING

KATHERINE YEHLE

IN the life of every large city there comes a time when, like the adolescent boy with growing pains, its seams begin to rip and split in sometimes embarrassing places. Baltimore, Maryland, is one of the war-boom cities caught in this really tragic predicament. Only, Baltimore had begun to feel the tightness and the pinch of seams long before the war. The influx of defense workers has merely trebled the usual difficulties of this "home of the crab and the clam."

To begin with, Baltimore is a town with an unusual topography. It has a land area of over seventy-eight square miles. Into that area it surely ought to be easy enough to pack a population of about a million. Perhaps in normal times, with no priorities on building materials, it would be easy; the topsy-turvy housing situation would eventually right itself. But at present the city is in the situation of the old woman who lived in a shoe. Her influx of war workers is just too much for the poor headachy old dame, whose troubles have multiplied to an astounding degree with the advent of moun-taineer, farmer and miner into her defense industries.

Baltimore's great harbor formerly made her the second port of importance in the Atlantic trade. Now her port facilities are swamped, not merely with the usual products of peacetime, but with the damaged trade vessels and tankers which have

limped in for repairs. From these crowded wharves, the town slopes upward into a series of narrow crooked arteries squeezed as the heart of Boston. These streets are jammed day and night with a ceaseless, choked flow of traffic, are crowded with people, littered with trash. The normal troubles of an ancient port city are today multiplied many times over.

It is no fault of the city authorities that the town sadly needs a vigorous clean-up campaign. Lax store owners who sweep rubbish onto sidewalks; central markets where the open-air stalls are often littered messes and whose proprietors carelessly throw their rotted vegetables and fruits onto sidewalks and streets; crowds of out-of-town workers who, with aplomb, strew candy-wrappers, popcorn-bags, any trash; sidewalk peddlers who leave remnants of their trade in the gutters—all this, added to the great shortage of street-cleaners, has resulted in the sad truth that on occasion Balto almost lives up to Will Rogers' ancient joke—how he recognized the town by its telegraph poles just peeking out of the litter.

But this is only a minor twinge in Balto's migraine. The rats and the varied assortment of bugs which infest every port town, and spread into even the neatest of hostellries, are now having a field day, thanks to indifferent landlords and an apathetic public. It is the town's good fortune that it has so far escaped a major epidemic, and that there have been only twice the usual number of meningitis cases this year. How many new cases of tuberculosis and other diseases have resulted from the crowded living conditions, one can only guess.

Crowded living conditions? In a city with an area of nearly eighty square miles? People living in garages, in trailers, in cellars, in closets? People sleeping in eight-hour shifts on rude cots, sleeping on floors, ten to an attic room. A mother and five children living for weeks in an auto parked on a main street. So-called bedrooms, without windows or air shafts. Bedrooms without beds, and the door only a hole broken in the wall. Floating sewage in the cellars of these rooming places, giant rats, and cockroaches two inches long. And rentals for these places are often higher than for rooms in the best sections of town. A hundred—two hundred dollars per week per room. And what rooms! Who's screwy now?

Yes, Baltimore's major headache, and a mighty bad one at present, is housing. So desperate is the situation that the city authorities are now conducting a house-to-house inspection of the congested areas, a canvass of every building in the slum areas and in every crowded district of the city. One can imagine what the final report is likely to be when, three years ago—before the war boom—there was hardly a real-estate agent in town with a flat or apartment for rent. The few places then available usually consisted of remodeled attics in tiny bungalows, where one walked through the parlor downstairs to reach one's flat, and used the bathroom in common with the folks below. All very neighborly and chummy, living right in the laps of the landlords.

That was luxury, prodigal space and vast room, compared with the present situation whereby a landlord draws over two hundred dollars a week rental for an attic-room into which are crowded three broken-down beds and ten war workers (twenty, really—in two shifts). Or the rooming-house proprietor who discovered that even his cellar could yield money, with five or six stalls for workers, stalls containing a cot and a single dangling lamp-bulb—the assumption being, probably, that mountaineers and farmers and miners wouldn't notice anything wrong or miss the absence of fresh air and light and sanitary arrangements.

Enough of them have, and enough protests have been lodged with city authorities so that a survey of the situation is now going on. After that survey, which will take months, what remedies can be proposed? One is to throw the whole mess into the lap of the Federal Government. Since so many of the Federal agencies are now using the city that the cabbies call the town "Little Washington," it seems as if the housing agencies could do something to help. But the Federal Government has already financed a number of slum-clearance projects and new housing areas; so it is doubtful how much more they can do for the city with the funds at their disposal.

Another proposal has been to erect barracks in the parks for sheltering some of the Negro population. They have suffered most from this present situation and have been most gouged by their landlords. In normal times the sight of street after street of narrow houses, one room wide and often only one or two rooms deep—houses jammed with bedraggled women and children spilling from windows, overflowing onto the dirty streets—this is bad enough. The open doors give you sight of a blackness inside, of dirty floors littered with trash, smeared and filthy walls, a broken sofa, a rickety chair or two. Eight or ten people eat and sleep and try to live in one or two of these rooms. No plumbing. No heat. No electric light—just kerosene lamps or candles.

No one situation is to blame for the present housing headache and perhaps no single remedy can be found. The problem was beginning to be acute long before the war, which has merely intensified the trouble. Baltimoreans' penchant for row-houses has helped ease the situation somewhat. Homes are jammed together in communal rows, street after street of them; and nobody seems to mind the fact that their conversation can be heard through thin partitions by the Joneses next door. Perhaps it lends spice to be able to hear the goings-on of the neighbors without budging from one's favorite chair in the parlor.

But just building more row-houses will hardly help, even though new ones are fought for and purchased before even their cellars are dug. Perhaps the real trouble is in the fact that Baltimore, being an old town, is full of old buildings without adequate sanitary arrangements—red-brick, marble-step buildings meant originally to house one family and now being used by more than a dozen.

Apparently the Great Fire of Baltimore, which destroyed beautiful relics of colonial days, just didn't burn far enough. It took too many business houses and not enough old wrecks of unsanitary shacks whose tottering walls provide cover, and nothing else—except germs and bugs—for the poor wretches under their roofs.

Now of course it is an utter impossibility for the city to condemn indiscriminately all these ancient buildings. You then have the problem of where to put the thousands and thousands of people thus deprived of even wretched shelter. But landlords have been forced to build new bathrooms, put partitions between beds instead of curtains, and sinks on each tenement floor instead of having one leaky faucet to serve fifty or sixty people. The gas-stoves which have been added to bathrooms, so that tenants might do a bit of cooking, are definitely out. Preparing meals in a bedroom accommodating seven or eight people is bad enough, but cooking in a bathroom used by twenty or thirty is something new in renting angles. Not even the purlieus of Hester Street, or Mott or Pell, could boast of such ingenuity!

The city has other troubles as a result of over-crowding. There are not enough doctors, not enough nurses, not enough beds in hospitals. A higher birth rate has resulted in obstetrical cases being sent home in three to five days, and in a new trailer maternity unit at the great trailer camp which accommodates the Glenn Martin aircraft workers. This camp, which also has a huge village of prefabricated houses, is at Middle River, just outside of Baltimore.

**War Money.** The easy flow of it to shipyard workers, to airplane workers, steel mills, has resulted in empty shelves for more than one department store. Prices are higher, were far higher than in other communities long before government ceilings went into effect.

And there is a scarcity in foods, not merely of the usual items like tea, spices, but of the ordinary commodities. By Saturday noon most large markets lack milk, cream, and are nearly cleared of all fruits and vegetables. The benighted shopper who wanders into a grocery store on Saturday afternoon is out of luck. He may manage to snare a hot dog or a measly chop; but he'd better hurry, because there are fifty other hungry people angling for it, pestering the harried butcher girl behind the counter.

The result is that many people shop for their Sunday dinners on Friday and even on Thursday evenings, when most of the stores are open until ten at night for the benefit of the late workers. There are many of them, too—shipyard huskies in steel helmets, steel men, crowding into the cars and buses at eleven at night, seven in the morning, and odder hours. It is as much as a man's life is worth to go down on Pratt Street, by the wharves, at four o'clock of a Sunday afternoon. The mad rush of homeward-bound shipyard workers pushes the ordinary motorist completely off the road, as traffic ordinances are ignored by sleepy, weary men intent only on food and bed.

Cheerful thought, that their beds are usually a ragged mattress in some hole in the wall, and that the men who are working long hours to speed war production have no more adequate housing than this. It is just one of the penalties of living in a big city in wartime, along with the added dangers of disease and accident, of gouging by the unscrupulous.

Taxi-drivers who will take advantage of the obvious newcomer to charge three or four dollars instead of the usual rates; restaurant and "chain" drugstore lunch-counters so understaffed that their dishwashing arrangements are a disgrace and a danger; honky-tonks catering to soldier and sailor; a police record of eighty-two murders from January to October, 1942; shootings, stabbings, white-slavers—these are some of the penalties suffered by a war-boom town. Police dossiers record that there were over 4,000 arrests for drunkenness in the first eight months of 1942, with ninety per cent of those arrested having to be dug and yanked from the gutter. One magistrate wearily commented on the number of these folk who were well-dressed women, married women with families of school age. Law-abiding folk who read such items in the papers must feel as if they had somehow wandered into a Wild West movie of gold-rush days.

Yes, troubles have certainly multiplied for the Old Lady of the Patapsco. Yet to the casual visitor, as to the permanent resident, Baltimore is one of the most charming cities on the American continent. It retains, even in these busy times, a romantic atmosphere and a record of culture that few modern cities possess. Quaint walled gardens, spacious mansions and wide boulevards, universities and art museums, music conservatories and drama schools—these, too, are a part of Baltimore. It shelters the graves of Edgar Allan Poe, Sidney Lanier, Lizette Woodworth Reese. It is a town of quaint streets and charming shops, a variety that needs to be savored slowly. Slums and war problems and boom-town conditions are not the whole story.

But they are our story today—and the story of any war-boom town, not merely Baltimore on the Patapsco. It is not the fault of the city authorities that the town is desperately overcrowded, lacking homes for war workers, and at the same time in the position of needing to attract still more workers within its limits. This is a situation that can be duplicated in almost any boom town in the United States.

And now, with hope high for a near end to the war, the city authorities are likely to have a bigger, more skull-splitting headache. It is estimated that a relief crowd of over 300,000 will be awaiting food and jobs when the war is over. Southern sharecroppers, their war money spent, will remain in a town where relief handouts are more liberal than at home. Returning soldiers will need a lift. Native Baltimoreans will be jobless.

In such troubled days, the miracle is that anyone, outside of the "booby hatch," would look for—actually seek—a job as a politician!

# UNRECONSTRUCTED SEMINOLES IN THEIR EVERGLADES EMPIRE

PATRICIA ALLEN

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THE Seminole Nation is strictly a closed corporation. While they no longer carry tomahawks, and long ago gave up the scalp-collecting business, the Seminoles have never made formal declaration of peace with the United States.

Correctly speaking, they are wards of Uncle Sam, but better not tell a Seminole that he's Government property, for he swears allegiance to no nation but his own. Mostly he obeys the laws simply because he seldom has a desire to break them. That is, provided they are not game laws—he has notions of his own about that, and he traps, fishes and hunts what he pleases.

He tends strictly to his own business, and his home life is so jealously guarded and so well protected by nature that he seldom has to brook interference.

After the Seminole war ended, in 1842, the Indians retreated into the "Water-Grass Country"—the great Cypress Swamp, and the Everglades lying south of Lake Okeechobee, in the state of Florida. A more inaccessible country it would be hard to find, and the curiosity of the average man is not great enough to lure him into its fastnesses. Fastnesses they are, in the true sense of the word, protected by nature's barbed wire—saw grass. Five and six feet high, it grows as thickly as bamboo, each long, slender leaf edged with needle-sharp barbs that can cut you to ribbons if you are heedless enough to rub shoulders with it. Nature further protects the glades with miles of bog and shallow, swampy waters infested by literally thousands (yea, millions) of such trifling annoyances as mosquitoes and cotton-mouthed water moccasons.

Divided into two reservations, the Water-Grass Country stretches over almost 70,000 acres of land and water. Roadways leading into this country are few and far between. One of the principal ones is reached by way of a chugging, spitting little gasoline-driven boat which plies the lower end of the shallow waters of Lake Okeechobee and dumps its rare passengers onto a ramshackle, sprawling wharf, where two faint, sandy tracks through the saw grass and scrub palmetto indicate a road that scarcely deserves the name.

At the end of some five miles, these tracks terminate abruptly in a small village, set against a theatrical back-drop of livid green jungle growth. This village marks the beginning of the true Everglades, for there the waters begin. From here on

transportation must be by dug-out. Much larger than the average canoe, the Seminole boats are hollowed from giant cypress logs. The waters are so shallow for the most part that paddles are impractical and long punting poles are used.

As the dug-out pushes further into the Glades, the streams (for they are streams, and not just a single large lake) soon become surprisingly clear and pure looking. The swampy land is left behind, and with it, unbelievable as it seems, stay the mosquitoes. Large areas of this country swarm with the pests, while others, surrounded as they are with clear, running water, are free of them.

Between these winding, twisting lanes of slow-running streams lie the hammocks—those patches of islands that lift themselves only a few feet above the level of the all-pervading waters.

Occasionally a deer leaps back from his drinking hole to dash off into the covering green growth. Long-legged blue herons wade slowly away at the approach of the dug-out. Cormorants lift dark wings to perch on low branches and watch the passage. These two birds are the Indians' chief egg-layers. The blue heron is the Seminole's chicken. And a mighty fine "chicken" it is, when it goes into the frying-pan at a tender age. Their eggs are gathered by the hundreds, and the young slaughtered at such an alarming rate that one wonders why they are not already extinct.

Remember, protective game laws are completely disregarded by the lordly Seminole. He has practically exterminated the limpkin—a bird native to that watery land. If you made a bid for an English snipe, and got it—doubled and re-doubled as to size—that would be a limpkin. In years past they waded in the waters of Florida by the thousands, but the un-conservation-conscious Seminoles have made them rare indeed.

Through snaking lanes of water that all look alike, past hammock after hammock seeming to vary only in size, the dug-out finally ties up at a fairly large island which seems altogether uninhabited. The faintest of paths leads through the lush growth by the water's edge. A few yards up the trail the thick growth stops short, ending in a typical Seminole village. And the word "typical" is used advisedly, for all Seminole villages look exactly alike, varying only as to number of houses, Indians and hound dogs.

The houses, which are called *Chickees*, are set upon rough board platforms, raised on cypress

poles some four feet off the ground. Palm-thatched, they are shaped like army pup-tents—and not much larger. Many of them have no sides at all, while others are thatched on two sides, and open at each end. They are almost invariably built around a cleared, three-sided "square." In the center of this "square" is the cook-house. It is a house by courtesy-name only, since there is nothing but a thatch roof high above the cook-fire.

Life in a Seminole village is reduced to the utmost limits of simplicity. But there are many surprising things about both the people and their customs. There is great dignity in them, and a pride which is unmistakable. It is evident in their head-high, erect carriage, and in the mannerly, well-behaved children.

There is little accurate information about the origin of these people. The best authorities consider them descendants of the Muskhogean (a tribe of Creeks) and the Hitchiti. There seems also to be an admixture of the conquered tribes of Yamasee and Yuchi with, perhaps, runaway Negro slaves.

But they bear amazing similarities to other and far-distant races. Things that can not be easily accounted for—the long-skirted shirts of the men, for instance (they are worn outside the trousers, loosely belted and, except for the fact that they open down the middle, bear a strong resemblance to the full-sleeved blouse of the Russian); the vests, often elaborately embroidered in colored wools—a little like the Burmese jacket, and not unlike the short coats of certain North China and Tibetan peoples.

But their turbans are peculiarly their own, and bear no resemblance to the loosely-draped "bandanna" of the Southern Negro. They are formal, flattened affairs of bright, gay colors, and serve several purposes. The Indians claim that they attract deer (more likely, they distract them, but save fellow hunters, in the same manner as the red cap of the northern huntsman). On chilly nights, the yards and yards of turban are unwound and used as a light coverlet.

Even the cook-fire holds surprise, for it is the "sevenfold" fire of the Romany people. Seven logs, forming a wheel, meet at the hub of flame, and the logs pushed forward as the ends are consumed. This number sometimes varies, but usually it is seven. Where and how this gypsy custom crept into the life of the Seminole is a puzzle for the ethnologist.

Above the center of fire hangs the *hot-cus-waw*, a heavy iron kettle, the most treasured possession of any Seminole woman. Into this pot go the materials for their principal food, an extremely varied dish called *Sof-kee*. *Sof-kee* is to the Seminole what Mulligan is supposed to be to the stage Irishman. And many the mixtures that go into its making.

Close to this huge black pot, supported by two sticks driven into the ground, a bird is usually roasting. Frequently it is wild turkey—still plentiful, if the hunter be sufficiently wary and knowledgeable to find and kill them. Underneath the roasting bird, and miraculously out of reach of the fire, is a grooved board to catch the fats and juices.

Tables there are none in a Seminole village.

Plates there are none. Neither is there cutlery—with the exception of the long-bladed hunting knife which each man carries, and a long-handled wooden spoon for *sof-kee*-stirrer. In lieu of plates the Indians use small rectangular boards of pine or cypress, scrubbed and time-worn to a smooth and shining whiteness, and slightly hollowed in the center.

The base for *sof-kee* is always some kind of meat or fish, cut into small pieces and cooked with any and all kinds of available vegetables. There grows wild a curious vegetable called *Chos-chee*, or tree-pumpkin, which tastes like a cross between our summer squash and the true pumpkin. The vines climb up into the trees and the youngsters bring the fruit down with sticks and stones and their own particular version of the sling-shot. When *chos-chee* is not in season the heart of the cabbage palm is often used.

*Tock-a-la-kee* is an unleavened, tough, but palatable sort of bread, usually cooked flap-jack fashion, and made from a mixture of "es-store" flour and coonti root. This root is native to the Everglades. By grating it, the Indians obtain a starch not unlike arrow-root, which is highly nutritious and healthful. It is used as a thickener for *sof-kee* and as the chief ingredient of *tock-a-la-kee*.

Everything that swims in the waters of the Everglades (with the exception of the moccasins) goes into the *sof-kee* kettle. The soft-shell turtle is especially cherished and, running close second, is the hard-shell turtle or terrapin, which meets with a curious fate at the hands of a Seminole chef. His head is neatly lopped off, he's hung to bleed for a time, then roasted *au naturel* before the fire. Not particularly tempting for the squeamish.

The Seminoles are almost entirely self-supporting. Their lands are rich and fertile. They grow their own corn and garden crops; wild game and fish are plentiful, and they seldom go out into the towns to seek employment. A few of the more venturesome and travel-minded have gone in for "commerce" to the extent of allowing themselves to be Hollywoodized in the tourist-inspired, Chamber-of-Commerce villages along the Tamiami Trail. There the women do a bit of bead work and make little doll replicas of themselves to sell to the souvenir hunters. But the dweller-in-the-fastness is more than apt to look down his nose at these unnatural members of his tribe.

All but a very few of the Seminoles still live the life they have lived since we drove them into the Glades at the close of the Indian wars. They send their children to the Government school (if enough pressure is brought to bear) but their marriage and divorce laws are still their own. The Medicine Man still sits around the council fire. The Seminole's life and customs have changed almost not one iota in the last hundred years—nor are they likely to change. All he asks is to be let alone. He has a hands-off policy, which he means to maintain. He lives in the United States, but he takes little stock in the citizenship rights we have accorded him. He is, and ever shall be, a citizen of the Seminole Nation.

# WHY BE A NUN? GIRLS ANSWER

EDWARD F. GARESCHE

THERE has been a pause in the articles about vocations. The last one concluded with a promise to quote from some of the answers of the students themselves, as to what they think of vocations. To secure a representative series of replies from schools has taken time. These answers are significant, as surveys have shown that most girls decide to follow a religious vocation between the ages of sixteen and nineteen, so that the grace of a vocation usually comes to them while they are in high school.

Many answers received from high-school and college students in a number of different institutions in various parts of the country confirm the remark made in a preceding article, that it would be well if the whole question of religious vocations received a much more adequate treatment in our schools. Many of the replies of the students show a want of definite appreciation of the nature of a religious vocation. A very great number of the answers speak vaguely of a "call," and the statement: "Girls enter the convent because they have a call from God," recurs many, many times. But seldom do those who reply to the questionnaire seem to have any definite idea as to what this call is, what are the marks of a vocation, what qualities are required in a Sister; or of the dignity, happiness and beauty of the religious life.

If this important subject, so interesting in itself, so glorious in the honor which it gives to Christ and His Church, and so important because of the services of the Sisters to both Church and state were to receive, from the Sisters themselves, the treatment it deserves, whether in classes of religion, or literature or history or social service or even economics and sociology, one would think that a very different series of answers would be given to the questions asked of Catholic girls who have the advantages of a Catholic education. The questions asked were these:

1. What do you think are the reasons why girls become Sisters?

2. What do you think are the reasons why girls do not become Sisters?

Some of the girls (of course all their answers are anonymous) state their own personal attitude towards a religious vocation. Thus, one gives the following reasons why she does not wish to become a Sister: "In the first place I do not feel I have a vocation. I do not like to study and I do not think I could spend the rest of my days doing this. Then, too, I would miss the worldly pleasures, such as movies, dancing and perhaps the vocation of a nurse which I am deeply considering. I would be separated from my family, and also I would like

to bring up one of my own." She goes on to say why she might like to become a Sister. "I would have the feeling of security for life. There would always be one to care for me during time of sickness. I would receive graces, and God made a promise that all those who follow Him would be saved. Too, I would have the love of hundreds of children."

Another writes the reasons why she is going to enter a convent: "I am one of those girls who are asked 'Why do you want to become a nun?' This is the first time that I am revealing my reasons. From the age of ten I always wished to be a Sister but I never gave it a serious thought until my sixteenth birthday and now I am nineteen. I feel that the convent is the only place that I'll be happy. I love to pray a great deal. I wish to make a sacrifice by leaving my dearest ones behind, and giving up my worldly pleasures, which are not many. With these thoughts in mind I am praying very hard for perseverance in my vocation."

Another is a bit hard on the girls of today. She writes: "Why don't girls go to the convent?—The girls of today are very worldly. They think more of the pleasures of the world than spiritual decisions. Convent life means giving up freedom, and that's pretty hard for most girls to do. Girls like to be independent."

Another gives the need of war work as a reason for not becoming a Sister. She writes: "Girls of today realize that a war must be won. By war work, nursing and the many jobs a girl can get today, she feels that she must first do everything in her power for victory." Quite a number share the attitude of the young lady who writes: "I am not going into the convent because I feel that I can do better work as a nurse than as a Sister. I feel that God has not called me to go to the convent."

Another student outlines very interestingly a course of thought which she considers typical: "There is a phase in nearly every girl's life when she harbors the desire to become a Religious. She is inspired and spurred on by the Sisters' piety, peacefulness, their seeming happiness. She knows that she will realize her eternal glory, by God's promise, if she consecrates her life on earth to Him. There certainly is no more glorious or wonderful occupation than working for God and with Him, and yet seldom does this desire remain. Infrequently is her ambition fulfilled. Little by little her fervor becomes lessened, until finally she no longer wishes to enter the religious field. When she thinks of all the joys she sacrifices, all the pleasures she gives up, that life no longer appeals to her." This viewpoint is shared by a number of others. Thus another says: "Most Catholic girls at some time during their life want to become a Sister. I know I did. I had a Sister for teacher in the sixth grade whom I loved, and I wanted to be just like her."

Another is very frank about her personal qualifications: "I do not want to become a Sister, because I do not like that life, and my teaching ability, I think, is not very good. I do not think that I am suited for the religious life. I don't pray without

being distracted, I'm impatient and cross, and I like good times. So I wouldn't make a kind and a sweet Sister, as most of them are. The main reason why I do not wish to be a Sister is that I am not at all good enough. Many are the times that I envy some of my companions, and know if I were as good as they I would be a Sister. I think it is a wonderful vocation, but alas, I'm not made for it."

A surprisingly large number of students who have answered the questions give as their opinion that many women enter the convent because they have been disappointed in love. We say a surprising number in view of the fact that in reality very few vocations come through this cause. Perhaps these students have picked up this idea from reading fiction in which the lovelorn maiden seeks consolation in the cloister.

From one of the Catholic colleges comes a very interesting analysis of the answers of freshmen, sophomores and juniors to the questions: "What do you think are the reasons why girls become Sisters?" and "What do you think are the reasons why girls do not become Sisters?" In answer to the first question, ninety-three of the students give as a reason "desire for consecration to God," and ninety-three also give "desire for apostolic service." Eighty-nine simply give "vocation"; seventy-three reply: "Love of God"; fifty-seven mention "salvation of their own souls"; twenty-six, "spirit of sacrifice"; twenty-two list "influence of Sisters"; seventeen mention "security of life—peace of heart and mind"; sixteen, "escapist idea—afraid of marriage"; ten, "economic security"; nine, "suitability and inclination for life"; six, each, list "undue admiration for Sisters" and "compulsion on the part of the family" and "tired of worldly pleasures—materialism of age"; four mention "dedication of life in thanksgiving for favor"; thirteen, each, list "unhappy love affair" and "disappointment or sorrow"; two mention "desire to get away from home"; one, each, mention "undue pressure from Sister" and "desire to live in community."

Under the reasons "why girls do not become Sisters"—111 list "desire for marriage—home and children"; 112, "no vocation"; eighty-three, "attraction for the world—love of pleasure"; thirty, "do more good in the world"; sixty-four, "severity of life—too great sacrifice"; twenty-two, "family opposition"; eighteen, "lack of knowledge of religious life"; seventeen, "desire for career and inferiority complex"; sixteen, "too great love of family and home, and home responsibilities and obligations"; fourteen, "spirit of independence"; eight, "health"; six, "doubt about vocation"; five, "fear of religious life"; four, "no reflection on religious life"; three, "selfishness, and dislike of community life"; two, "objection to religious habit"; one, each, mention "undue influence exerted by Sisters"; "unnatural life"; "not reared in Catholic atmosphere"; "not interested in study."

To take up again the individual replies—one declares: "I think that the girls of today do not give sufficient time to working out their vocations. It seems to be the established opinion—either you marry or become a 'career woman.' This is prob-

ably due to the fact that there are many more distractions and pleasures for young girls today than there were years ago."

Another student sums up as follows: "I suppose most girls go to the convent because they have a great love for God and want to be closer to Him. They think that in a community which is centered entirely around religion they will naturally be drawn closer to Jesus. Some may become nuns because they want to be sure of their salvation, but I think they soon find out that even a nun has to work for her salvation." Another declares: "Girls don't go to the convent because the majority of them don't really know what the convent is. They even consider it a punishment. Some think such a life would be morbid, dull and cramped. And others, like myself, consider themselves unsuited for the convent because they just wouldn't fit in."

The following is another viewpoint: "I believe that many girls receive the notion of entering the convent from going to a Catholic school and from long acquaintance with the Sisters themselves. When a girl watches a Sister or Sisters day after day throughout her school term, and sees their contentment and happiness in living for God, she cannot help but be instilled with some thought of some day becoming a Sister."

Another reflects: "It has always been a puzzle to me why certain girls do not go to the convent. I am most certain that they have heard the 'Divine Call,' but the only reason I can give is that they are too selfish to respond to it. Yes, they, like so many others, turned Christ away, as did the innkeeper on Christmas." Another gives a singular reason: "Many girls have a desire to enter the convent, but do not. They are afraid, not of the convent life itself, but of the ridicule of their friends. When they are laughed at, they find it hard to bear."

The answers to these questions give an interesting cross section of the college students' opinion. Many of the replies emphasize, as we remarked in beginning, the advisability of a more complete and objective explanation about vocations, a presentation of the religious life which will give the student a fair realization of its requirements, its advantages, the sacrifices which it entails, and the compensations and rewards it brings. Of all ways of life open to women, this is the most difficult perhaps for the girl of fourteen to nineteen to view objectively.

Those having charge of the instruction of the young have a duty, it would seem, to acquaint them with this unique and beautiful phase of Catholic life, and the Sisters in particular can do this in two ways: by speaking often of the religious vocation, in history class, religion, literature and all the studies in which it enters, and doing this in an objective and realistic way without seeming to persuade or urge any one to become a Religious; and by showing in their own person the happiness, the poise and kindness of a true Religious. One of the greatest services they can render to the Church and their own community is thus to help each rising generation rightly to esteem and desire the consecration of the religious life.

# TOKEN OF UNREST— THE ONE-DAY STRIKE

JOHN CONDON

ON Thursday, July 22, the employes of the Los Angeles Railway Company walked out for an even twenty-four hours in a strike that was strange and significant.

It was strange because the workers and the Company were in complete agreement on the five-cent wage increase at issue; and because the strike was planned to provide a minimum inconvenience to the street railway and to the public. It was significant because the union was unable to keep the men on the job. It was the first of what may be a series of "token" short-term strikes produced not by the unions but by the men acting concertedly yet independently of union officials—either not waiting for their approval, or defying their disapproval.

The wage increase had been negotiated months before. It was a moderate request which would leave the notably inadequate wages of the car-men below the levels required for family support in Los Angeles. Although increases had already been granted which brought wages more than fifteen per cent above the levels of early 1941, the starting point then had been so low as to leave the new rate below the levels paid in local factories. The sixteen-year-old sons of some motormen earned incomes which were half again as much and sometimes twice as much as the Railway was paying their fathers.

Despite the fact that the wage-increase would be paid from its own income, and not be passed on to the public or the Government, the Company was eager to grant the raise. Packed cars made the financing easy, and Company officials hoped that the new wage rate would slow the leakage of competent men to other industries and permit the hiring of new men capable of operating the heavily-loaded cars.

For more than a year, their efforts to obtain and keep sufficient help had been unsuccessful. Cars had been painted red, white and blue, plastered with patriotic appeals to work in an essential industry. Conductorettes had been tried, but even their prettiness could not keep the cars rolling. Women and grandfathers, who do not require a family-wage level, had been unable to drive the cars through the heavy auto traffic. It was the ordinary thing to see passengers discreetly avoid boarding cars which were handled by women operators.

Men physically capable of handling the heavy passenger load on anything like a respectable schedule fell within the draft ages of eighteen to forty-five. Those who were not fathers of families had long since become servicemen or war workers. And family men refused to work for the money

paid by the Railway Company when all around them were industries eager for men and paying higher wages.

The other strange element, as I have said, was the carefulness with which inconvenience to the public was avoided. Most war workers in Los Angeles ride in autos. The streetcar and bus supplement auto-borne traffic, and do not even serve the majority of the large industrial plants. They do, however, carry office workers and shoppers into the downtown area.

The ample warning of the strike enabled almost everyone to make other arrangements for getting around on the one day it lasted. This was done quite cheerfully, since the strikers had the public sympathy, and absenteeism was practically normal with the exception of a few small sub-contractors in the nearby city of Vernon. Operators working without pay carried the Lockheed aircrafters to work, but at the end of the run returned to the barns. Douglas Aircraft sent its own trucks to pick up its employes waiting in the usual passenger zone. The Pacific Electric trainmen put off their own very real strike to permit their cars to operate during this "token" strike. It was the direct reversal of the usual procedure of disturbing Company operations and upsetting public life as much as possible.

But it was significant of a development in unions all across the country. The recent remarks of union leaders have repeatedly hinted that they may soon be unable to control their members. Although in past years it has seemed that the power of union officials was excessive, it is becoming evident that it is in reality weak.

For, faced with the delays incidental to Government procedures, the workers are taking this attitude: "We pay dues to you to take care of these things. You're not doing it effectively, so we'll find some other way of handling it." After months of negotiation, a union is faced with the choice of following the men in their strike action, or of being left dangling without even the appearance of leadership. In the two recent Los Angeles strikes, the locals followed the men, without the approval of the Internationals or the usual strike benefits. In the last analysis, a union is dependent upon its membership, and with almost every member choosing to go out, with or without the union, it is difficult for the officers to refuse approval of the men's action.

The issue in the Los Angeles Railway "token" strike was the request for a WLB decision. The rank and file wanted an answer—either "yes" or "no." The patience of the car-men during the many months of negotiation had at last turned to disgust and they became convinced that the losses involved in a strike would be far less than the hindrance to the war effort caused by the existing inefficient operation of the car lines.

They were right in one thing. Their "token" strike brought the issue out of the dark mystery of offices into the public eye. It resolved the crisis. The WLB decision, given as the strike began, was "No."

## THE POPE'S PLEA

IT is not too much to say that the possibility of lasting peace in Europe may turn upon the response to the heartfelt words of Pius XII in his broadcast of September 1.

The early part of the address contains words obviously addressed to the German Government. After recalling the failure of his own efforts to avert war in 1939, the Pope continues:

Today on the threshold of the fifth year of the war, even those who then reckoned on swift war operations and a speedy, victorious peace, looking around at what is surrounding them, inside and outside the fatherland, see nothing but grief and contemplate nothing but ruins.

With "the same love and care" which moved him four years ago, and with intent "to benefit all and harm none," the Supreme Pontiff paints the destruction and desolation wrought by the war, and the terrors and anxieties of the war-stricken peoples. But there is an even more deadly destruction:

After so many torn-up treaties, so many ignored conventions, so many broken promises, so many contradictory changes in feeling and action, *confidence between nations has fallen so low as to deprive every generous resolution of spirit and hardihood.* (Italics ours.)

This is, perhaps the greatest loss; for it is the loss of something absolutely essential for peace—confidence between nations, and the possibility of generosity toward the vanquished. Without that, the nations face each other with suspicion and hatred. There is only one way out of the *impasse*; somebody must make the first move; and in a case like this, the privilege belongs to the strongest.

"Therefore," says the Pope, "we turn to all those whose task it is to promote agreement and harmony for peace . . . and say to them that real strength need have no fear of generosity."

If this is not addressed to the Allies, it is difficult to imagine to whom it could be addressed. The Pope is fully aware that the tide of war is setting heavily against the Axis, and that with us lies the initiative. It is to us, then, that he says:

Give to all nations a justified hope of worthy peace which does not clash with their right to live or their sense of honor. Let it be seen that there is a loyal accord between your principles and your decisions, between statements about a just peace and facts.

Everyone is agreed that our military victory will be sterile if we do not bring even our enemies to believe in what the Pope calls "the dawning and development of a new sense of justice and cooperation among nations." President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill have enunciated, in the Atlantic Charter, the principles of this new dawning and development. But at Casablanca they called also for "unconditional surrender." It is not clear, even to people who look for absolute military victory over the Axis and the abolition of their totalitarianism, just how the Charter is to be reconciled with Casablanca. It does not seem to be clear to the Pope, either. We trust that the President and the Prime Minister, now in conference at Washington, will clarify this obscurity.

## EDIT

## DUELING DIPLOMATS

WHATEVER kind of mess existed in the State Department, it cannot possibly have been as bad as the witches' brew of rumors which followed the resignation of Under Secretary Sumner Welles.

It was alleged, in the press and over the radio, that Mr. Welles had to go: 1) because he opposed the Fascists in the State Department who wanted to see Russia bled white; 2) because the President's habit of handling certain diplomatic affairs through him had confused foreign diplomats as to who was in charge of the State Department; 3) because the President needed Mr. Hull's political support for the 1944 campaign; 4) because Mrs. Hull was incensed over the growing influence of Mr. Welles *vis-a-vis* her husband, etc., etc. The rumor-mongering eventually became so mischievous and insulting that Mr. Hull felt obliged to warn certain columnists and radio commentators to cease helping the Axis propaganda campaign, and the President spoke out more strongly still.

What probably underlay the break between Messrs. Hull and Welles was the smoldering quarrel among conservative and liberal wings of the Democratic Party, a quarrel analogous to the fight now going on between imperialists and internationalists in the Republican Party. Mr. Welles' progressive interpretation of the President's foreign policy—it is fairly certain that Mr. Roosevelt is his own Secretary of State—may well have clashed with the more old-fashioned views of Mr. Hull and, when the showdown came, the President felt bound, both for political reasons and for reasons of sound administration, to back Mr. Hull's authority.

But whatever be the explanation of Mr. Welles' resignation, two observations are pertinent:

The first is that the nation can ill afford the loss, especially at this time, of a diplomat of Mr. Welles' stature. Generally credited with furthering the "Good-neighbor" policy toward the Latin-American nations, the former Under Secretary has also fought for American participation in a postwar world order.

The second observation is that, as things stand now in Washington, no official can incur the displeasure of the Southern Democrats and hope to survive.

## PROGRESSIVE MODEL

WHICH is the most forward looking nation in the Western Hemisphere? Our national pride, of course, prompts us to say "Why, we are." It may be good for our humility and for the truth to cast an eye once in a while on our Latin-American neighbors and to let our Anglo-Saxon self-esteem be tempered by knowledge of and esteem for the progressiveness of many of those countries of Iberian culture.

The newest and most exciting example of this Latin-American far-sightedness comes from Costa Rica. That country will be, we surmise, the first one in the New World to adopt a Labor Code which is based expressly on the Papal Encyclicals. The Code has not yet been adopted by the Congress, but with the backing of the President, Rafael Angel Calderon Guardia, there is every indication that it will be passed. Said the President: "This country has to stand on a platform of Christian justice."

The terms of the Code are the legislative counterpart of reforms which were approved last summer, when a chapter on Social Guarantees was incorporated into the National Constitution. At that time, a copy of the amendments was sent to the Pope, who answered with high praise for the "strictly Christian and Catholic spirit" that was trying to establish "foundations of the true and solid social peace which only Christian principles can bring."

If, as we devoutly hope, the legislation passes, Costa Rica will have the honor of being the standard bearer of Christian social order in the countries of Latin America. A strong opposition to Catholic leadership in postwar social action has been carried on throughout the other Americas by the Mexican Leftist, Toledano. It is imperative and gratifying that a better leadership show the way toward implementing the Christian social program. As Latin-American Bishops have so well said, there are only two ways of life beckoning in the future; the Christian and the Communist. Costa Rica will give an example of devotion to the Christian ideal.

So, for that matter, has Uruguay, as Mr. William J. White brings out in his *Our Good Neighbor Hurdle*. It is good to see these examples of devotion to social welfare; our efforts to extend it will be heartened by the progressiveness of these good neighbors.

## REPUBLICANS AT MACKINAC

"THERE is no secret," the President said in his speech at Ottawa, "that at Quebec there was much talk of the postwar world." What the nature of that talk was, he did not reveal, except to suggest that he hoped for a better world than the one which went to war in 1939.

This hope the entire nation shares with its President, but as the days go on it becomes more and more apparent that there is little agreement on practical measures to make our hope a reality. Up till now the Congress has refused to commit the nation to a participationist policy, even though the chief result of such an attitude is to breed uncertainty among our allies and defer the practical planning that must be done. Apparently the Congress is unwilling to act until it has greater certainty of the people's will in this matter, and right now that will is obscure.

If this is the reason why Congress is dodging the issue of postwar policy, there is this much to be said for it: that decision ought to rest with the American people. They are the ones who will suffer the consequences of whatever choice is ultimately made.

However, by one of those ironies inherent in our party system of government, the American people may never be given a fair chance to express their will on postwar policy. The chief aim of both political Parties is to come into power and to stay there; and everything—including questions of high principle—is often enough subordinated to this prime objective.

Such an observation may ring cynically in the ears of our readers. Perhaps it is cynical to talk in this way. But we venture to assert that any study of party platforms and campaign speeches over the years will justify our melancholy conclusion. With respect to questions on which opinion is fairly unanimous, platforms and candidates assume fighting and forthright stands. On disputed issues, no matter how important they may be, positions are so enveloped in verbiage that no one can possibly say what they mean. In such cases the people are simply not given a chance to express their preference; their democratic right to decide a course of action is blandly nullified.

As these words are being written, the Republican Post-War Policy Committee is meeting at Mackinac Island, in Michigan, to consider the Party's position on foreign policy. According to reports, this meeting was called by Republican National Chairman Harrison Spangler to deal with the problem created by the widening activities of the un-official Republican Post-War Policy Association—a group which looks favorably on the participationist ideas of Wendell Willkie. Mr. Spangler proposes to do some very necessary spadework on what is bound to be one of the most critical and controversial planks in the 1944 Republican platform. He realizes that a satisfactory foreign policy cannot be formulated by a few days' hectic discussion in a smoke-filled hotel room.

Naturally, as politicians, the men at Mackinac will be concerned with avoiding a split in their Party. They will be strongly tempted to find some weasel-worded formula on which all good Republicans, from Colonel McCormick to Mr. Willkie, can unite. But they ought to be reminded that, if they adopt this cowardly subterfuge, they will be subordinating statesmanship to politics and betraying the American electorate.

#### MR. KELLAND'S PROPOSAL

Fortunately, almost on the eve of the Mackinac gathering, Clarence Buddington Kelland, the author, a member of the Spangler Committee, announced a five-point plan, to be presented to the conferees, which promises to force the issue into the open and give Mr. Willkie's opponents a chance to assume a logical, clear-cut position. The great merit of Mr. Kelland's plan—and it is exceptional in this—is that it honestly faces and accepts the only realistic alternative to American participation in a postwar juridical organization to preserve world peace. That alternative, stripped of verbiage, is imperialism.

Disdaining the evasions of "isolationism" and "nationalism," Mr. Kelland boldly advocates a large standing army and a five-ocean navy, turning the Pacific into an American lake, taking "by treaty or by occupation" bases in Iceland, Greenland, Dakar, Casablanca, Bermuda and other islands in the Caribbean, extension of the Monroe Doctrine. "We must so ring our land with defenses," he explains, "that no nation, no coalition of nations, shall be able to penetrate our fortification to reach our shores."

Now that is a program which is definite, concrete and, above all, honest. It meets the issue of postwar security head on. While we thoroughly disagree with it, and even more with the brutal, selfish philosophy underlying it, we most heartily welcome it. It clears the air; it drives the verbal gymnasts back into the wings; it leaves the stage free for the real antagonists—those who advocate an international juridical organization as the best way, and the moral way, to guarantee our national security, and those who advocate an unblushing American imperialism; it gives the people an honest chance to see and understand the choice that sooner or later must be made.

We hope that the Republicans at Mackinac, and the Democrats, too, when their turn comes, will not commit the nation to a postwar policy of imperialism; for such a policy, apart from more idealistic considerations, will surely be the prelude to future and more terrible wars. But we hope more fervently still that they will not dodge the issue and start a political shell game. The issue is much too serious for that. The people, it is true, may ultimately decide on an imperialistic adventure. If the issue is presented to them honestly, we do not think they will. But if they do, it is up to the politicians to let them make the decision with their eyes wide open. The future of this nation, and of world peace, is infinitely more important than the future of any political party.

## PEACE THROUGH ITS QUEEN

THE Introit of the Mass for the Feast of the Nativity of Our Lady prays that her birthday, which was, as it were, the opening note in the actual working of our salvation, may be for those who celebrate it an instrument of growing peace. With our Holy Father's recent plea for peace still ringing hopefully in our ears, it may be good to think a little about the peace that was Our Lady's and which can also be ours, in our degree.

Hers, of course, was unique among mere humans. Its deep roots were in the perfection of a nature that was utterly and absolutely sinless. In her soul, through the grace of the Immaculate Conception, was that perfect equipoise of all the faculties, that perfect atunement to the movement of the Holy Spirit which made it the superb instrument whereon God worked out His harmonies.

That peace was never ruffled; her soul was never in turmoil. Yet, she experienced sorrows, she had the seven swords that bit deep into her heart; but tranquil and serene beneath them all lay the peace of God's presence, much as beneath Our Divine Lord's dereliction on the Cross lay the incomparable splendors and glory of the undimmed Beatific Vision.

Our Catholic life cannot guarantee us freedom from suffering; indeed, the greatest treasure God can give those who love Him is a share in the Cross. But our Catholic life can and does guarantee us peace of heart, serenity and calm under all the surface storms. God may even, indeed, permit that peace to be troubled at times, but as long as we keep our faith and trust fixed on Him, His peace will return.

This is God's will for us. Our Divine Lord's most frequent greeting after His Resurrection was "peace be to you," as though He wanted so much to convince us that that is the great gift His Passion and Death had won for us. The Sacrament of Penance, which is the Sacrament of His peace, was instituted only after Our Divine Lord, appearing to the Apostles in the upper room, had greeted them with this consoling salutation.

Sons and friends and husbands go off to war; life is disjointed; nations starve and agonize, but we who love God, despite our shortcomings, carry around within us the leaven that can bring to the world the peace that God intends for it. No man lives for himself alone; unconsciously we spread abroad the aroma of our faith—if our hearts are at peace with God, then our presence among friends and acquaintances spreads the sweet influence of His peace among them.

The Queen of Peace, who bore within her Peace Incarnate, is not unmindful of our restlessness of soul these trying days. To place that restlessness within her Immaculate Heart, by an explicit and deliberate consecration, is to see it subside to tranquillity. Start a one-man movement to consolidate your peace of heart, to radiate it quietly abroad, and Our Lady of Peace will intercede the sooner and more effectively for the peace that our Holy Father so ardently desires for the world.

# LITERATURE AND ARTS

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## FROST, PERENNIAL PULITZER WINNER

KATHERINE BRÉGY

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WHEN this year's Pulitzer award for poetry went for the fourth time to Robert Frost, it seemed a vindication of sanity and simplicity in the arts—a recognition that he is still, in spite of the vagaries of younger voices, the best loved and most read poet in the United States. If he happens to be a successful professor and farmer, too, so much the better. For in an age so highly mechanized that many of us begin to wonder whether hands aren't more useful than heads, he has characteristically solved the problem by being both.

The fact that this persistent pedagogue "ran away," to use his own phrase, from two colleges, and that so intensely regional a work as *North of Boston* had to go all the way to England to find a publisher are not the only paradoxes in the apparently quiet story of Frost's life. For behind his birth in San Francisco back in 1875 lay the saga of a father who had abjured what Dr. James Walsh used to call "New England's thoroughgoing delight in herself" and, snapping the tradition of nine or ten generations, dared to become a Democratic newspaperman in California—and even to marry a gallant young high-school teacher who came from Ohio and was a descendant of Scotch sea captains.

When overwork and consumption brought an early death to this adventurer, his widow turned east again with the ten-year-old son and, finding scant welcome from her husband's father, set about earning a living by teaching in small New England schools. The mill town of Lawrence became their home, and in vacation time young Robert worked as bobbin boy and cobbler in the local factories, or best of all as a haymaker on the nearby farms.

At the Lawrence High School he seems to have had his first encounters with poetry and love; there he published a ballad about Cortes, and there he had for classmate the young Elinor Miriam White, who was to become his wife.

At seventeen he was graduated and proceeded to Dartmouth College. But the work was uncongenial, and he was haunted by the thought that his mother was still teaching "a lot of rough boys" at Methuen. So he decamped and took over her job. He was eighteen then—at twenty, with only the most precarious of prospects, he married the young Elinor who was willing to share his dreams and his hardships.

Like most men of genius, Frost knew what he wanted from life and was willing to pay the price. When the grandfather, who was beginning to be interested in his career, suggested giving up poetry if he couldn't "make a success of it in a year," he protested—prophetically, as events turned out—"Give me twenty." And as the family still balked at his lack of college education, he consented to enter Harvard in 1897. This time he held out two years—then left with the remark: "It wasn't what I wanted. . . ."

The not a little disgusted grandparent presented him with a small farm in New Hampshire, and left the young couple to shift for themselves. So for over ten years Robert Frost labored heroically—at farming, at teaching in nearby country schools and at occasional journalistic sallies—to make a scant living, while his wife bore him four children and encouraged his belief in poetry and in himself. Finally, seeing him probably at the breaking point, Elinor Frost made what her husband describes as "the only romantic remark of her life." She suggested: "Let's go to England and live under thatch!" They sold the farm, and in 1912 sailed with their high hopes and their little family overseas.

A new life was waiting for them there. In Gloucestershire, Frost found the first warmth of literary appreciation in his meetings with Lascelles Abercrombie, Rupert Brooke and Wilfrid Gibson. And Old England had the perspective to recognize the fresh, authentic voice which New England had ignored. *A Boy's Will*, his first collection of poems, was published in London in 1913, and the next year *North of Boston*. "Mr. Frost has turned the living speech of men and women into poetry," declared his friend Gibson—and the circle of twenty waiting years at last came the full round to its completion.

But in that August of 1914 the bell tolled for Old World and New, and soon the destructive energy of war turned men's minds from the burgeoning of a new movement in poetry. Vachel Lindsay, Joyce Kilmer, Carl Sandburg, E. A. Robinson, Amy Lowell, Edna Millay and the experimental young "Imagists" were all writing. But only the poets themselves and a few studious critics took very seriously the controversy soon raging over

"free verse," the "language of everyday speech" which was to replace the worn out "poetic diction," or the "hard and clear poetry" to be written around "absolute freedom in the choice of subject." Today, of course, these things are taken for granted—or, at least, are granted to any poet who wants to claim them. And this was exactly the attitude Robert Frost, returning to residence in this country in 1915, adopted.

By instinct or by inspiration he had, in *North of Boston*, chosen the field he meant to develop: a poetry of Nature and "of people"—simple, contemporary people, Yankees as a rule—telling their stories in a language as downright as Wordsworth's (with a difference) but in a form of dialog or monolog as dramatic as Browning's (with another difference). Personally, he preferred blank verse to free verse, although he insisted upon the liberty of also using rhymed couplets or even sonnets. And while refusing to write in a Yankee dialect, he perfected what he calls the colloquial "Yankee accent"—the accent of such a moving masterpiece as "Death of the Hired Man," or the philosophic "Mending Wall," or the satire on New England obstinacy, "The Code." Incidentally he had proved in the early "Tuft of Flowers" that he could write exquisitely singing lyrics when the spirit moved him.

With this equipment Frost was predestined as a leader of the newer American verse. But it never seems to have occurred to him that poetry owed him a living, or even that the world owed him a living. What he did almost immediately was to buy another farm and then go back to professoring. Only this time the classroom had moved to the best colleges in the country, and eventually he became not merely an academic professor or Fellow, but what educators call a "poet in residence" and what he himself describes as a "sort of poetic radiator."

Meanwhile the flow of his creative work went on deeply, unhurriedly, fulfilling. *Mountain Interval* was published in 1916, seven years later *New Hampshire*; then, to give but an incomplete list, *Westrunning Brook*, the *Collected Poems* of 1930 and 1939, *The Lone Striker*, *Further Range*, and in 1942 one of his most vital volumes, *A Witness Tree*. It was this year's selection, *Come In*, with Louis Untermeyer's intimate notes, that recaptured the Pulitzer prize which had already gone to Frost's poetry in 1924, 1931 and 1939. Incidentally, may I add that this volume is one of the handsomest books of the past year? The illustrations by John O'Hara Cosgrave II are excellent enough to be splendid companion pieces to the poems, and that makes them a very felicitous and lovely combination.

Frost has been called an intensely realistic poet—Amy Lowell commented upon the "absolute fidelity to fact" in his descriptions. But he likes to distinguish between the realist "who offers a good deal of dirt with his potato" and "the one who is satisfied with the potato brushed clean," declaring: "To me, the thing that art does to life is to clean it, to strip it to form."

There is no artist who is ever only a realist, and even in such a brief musing as "Nothing Gold Can Stay"—

Nature's first green is gold,  
Her hardest hue to hold.  
Her early leaf's a flower;  
But only so an hour.  
Then leaf subsides to leaf.  
So Eden sank to grief,  
So dawn goes down to day.  
Nothing gold can stay—

the poet vitalizes form with spirit and reaches from the particular to the universal. It is because he believes a poem is a part of life that he declares it "begins in delight and ends in wisdom." For his wisdom is built on sympathy. He loves "people" as passionately as the exuberant Mr. Saroyan, and being sure of his affection is not afraid to poke fun at their well known shortcomings. Because of this open-eyed, open-hearted vision he gathers up the mill-worker sick of his job, "two tramps in mud time," a farmer and his wife quarreling blindly over their dead baby, and a colt half maddened by the first snow, into his Human Comedy or Human Tragedy. He has never more than a "lover's quarrel with the world."

Since his wife's death in 1938 Robert Frost has lived mainly at Cambridge, saving the word *home* for his 300-acre farm in the very Green Mountains of Vermont. Working there in his "sugar orchard" or with his cattle and his crops—and managing to look like a Roman senator even with an open collar—he seems the quite inevitable choice for that dual post of his at Harvard: Emerson Professor of Poetry and Fellow in American Civilization. For the poet for today's needs must be as many-sided as that, even as symbolic as that. Obviously the manner and the mannerisms of Frost's work have colored the whole contemporary school of New England verse. But its message of courage, of toil, of confidence, is universal. He has lived long enough and richly enough to learn inclusiveness, to temper his realism with mountain-top ideals. "I want life to go on living," his "Census Taker" muses wistfully; and he believes it will go on because "we have ideas yet that we haven't tried," and because men work together "whether they work together or apart."

He is certainly no severe Puritan, and if he reminds us that we have "promises to keep" he reminds us also of the comforts of the road—the tree outside our window, the "singing strength of the birds," a star to "stay our minds on" and the love which binds man and woman "together wing to wing and oar to oar." For the rest, with that sad, wise smile of his—"something has to be left to God. . . ." And finally this Yankee admirer of Coventry Patmore throws out two cryptic lines that have something of Patmore's own mystical insight:

We dance round in a ring and suppose  
But the Secret sits in the middle and knows.

It is a good message for times that try men's souls and their nerves also—and Catholics know, more deeply and more surely than Robert Frost, the name of the Secret.

## FIRST HOLY COMMUNION

Today a world of wonder falls  
About some lad and lass;  
They vision clearly now who saw  
Obscurely through a glass.  
No more the make-believe that once  
Bewitched them and beguiled,  
Because today they put away  
The playthings of a child;  
And Mystery succeedeth myth  
As does the night the day,  
As when that which is perfect comes  
The part is done away.  
Yet laughter lilted within her eyes  
And on the brow of him;  
It cannot be the claim of Christ  
Constrains the lithe of limb;  
But lest their love be lately dumb  
Give ear unto the stone,  
Covet the Word of these who know  
Even as they are known.  
For Spirit is but citadel  
When always flesh is clod,  
And they no longer striplings who  
Are saturate with God.  
So still the song of Ariel,  
Silence the pipes of Pan,  
Where was the suckling and the babe  
At length "Behold the Man."

SISTER MARY IMMACULATA

## "SEDULOUS APE'S" LAMENT

I think that there shall never be  
Another man like G. K. C.  
A C. of wildly waving crest,  
Tossing all about in joust or jest;  
A rotund C. turning things around,  
With his head in the clouds to keep an ear to the ground!  
A C. who crosses swords all day  
With those who dare to sword the cross away;  
Whose jolly visage is free of scars  
Though veteran of a thousand wars.  
With Cavalier mind and Carthusian heart  
G. K. C. was a man apart.  
Our minds observe for folks like me  
But solely God made G. K. see.

THOMAS R. MURPHY

## DEFINITION

A beating surf cannot compare  
With midocean's wide blue stare;  
Stars that hiss to earth as rocks  
Become a tawdry paradox.  
Lightning, never thunder, warms  
The senses in midsummer storms,  
And the strutting jay destroys  
His handsomeness by giving voice.  
Strip beauty to the bone, and see  
That it will ultimately be  
A synonym for silence, deep  
And infinite as dreamless sleep.

BARBARA OVERTON

## NOON

The bells shake out white birds  
In sharp flutters on the bright wave of sound;  
Wide-winged, they fall, scattering to rise,  
Fanning deep against the blue,  
Surging soft and slow  
Toward the gold dome of sound;  
And they turn upward from the full  
Fresh rush of bellowing bronze  
To circle with cries the cross,  
Blinded in pure light;  
Wider as the strokes swell  
Their enormous twelve,  
They sweep and gently tempt  
The receding thunder, the argent echoes;  
Fall slow, retreat  
And crowd against the sounding gold;  
Fall with raised wings upon the cross, upon the dome,  
Draw in with cries among the bells.

EDWIN MORGAN

## IF I HAVE NEVER SUNG OF YOU

My dear, if I have never sung of you,  
Think not there is no song that I would sing,  
But bring to memory my words, how few,  
Before the infinite, most lovely thing.

Remember in what poverty of word  
I voiced a sunset or a flowering tree,  
And sang my thin, high melody, scarce heard,  
Beside the resonant octaves of the sea.

Remember when the music we loved best  
Rippled in silver down the twilight hour,  
When language only budded in the breast,  
And lay within us—an unopened flower.

Remember this, and know the seasons through,  
A voice I hear beyond all answering;  
My dear, if I have never sung of you,  
Think not there is no song that I would sing.

ISABELLE BRYANS LONGFELLOW

## DREAMS

Bright and golden dreams I had  
That came not ever true,  
But I was nothing but a lad  
With little that I knew.

Dreams are vague and fitful things;  
They come and wayward go.  
The years a stern awakening bring,  
And that's what now I know.

Yet, now and then to light the gloom  
Came visions as I slept,  
That in God's house there is a room  
Where all lost dreams are kept.

The dreams I lost are waiting there,  
Safe under lock and key  
Where God has stored them in His care  
To give them back to me.

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## BOOKS

### SUPERB AND SENSITIVE

*A GARLAND OF STRAW.* By Sylvia Townsend Warner. The Viking Press. \$2.50

KATHERINE MANSFIELD'S delicate brand of sensitivity is by no means an unknown quantity in the contemporary short story—take the work of Kay Boyle, for example—but Miss Mansfield's sensitive depth plus Saki's impish spoofing add up to a distinctly rare sum, and the total reads: Sylvia Townsend Warner. This time her gay warning maroons go off in the dark night of English blackout, but despite the brooding presence of the last years of that long armistice which was not a peace, and the first years of the present war, they are still gay, in the main, and they do go off, except for one or two that sputter damply out. But that is the risk one runs with any sizable group of *contes*, and the wonder is rather that there are so few duds in the collection after all.

Of the twenty-eight tales in *A Garland of Straw* at least twelve are superlatively good. *The Language of Flowers*, in which Queen Victoria's long-dead governess, Baroness Lehzen, figures as a pawn in the more recently deceased but just as indubitably dead diplomatic game of Appeasement, might be a pendant to Housman's *Victoria* plays, so perfectly timed is its quiet mordancy. In *Setteragic* On a tin of cigarettes becomes protagonist against the nostalgic backdrop of the old days when everything was pleasant, "fish and chips, and no particular hurry, and half-days regular, and the esplanade all lit up at night, and the band playing, and a fag whenever you wanted it." The catalog might go on and on up to the full tally of the twelve, but since it needs must have a close, one reader will nominate as his favorites *Plutarco Roo*, as exquisite a sketch as anything in letters since *Some People*; and *Persuasion*, which provides a tea-time feast of scones and crumpets for the Janeites in Mr. Alban, the Red stock-broker's clerk and his great passion for that lady of the bourgeoisie, Jane Austen.

Miss Warner thinks in perfect symbols. One should like to find some emblematic equivalent for her own cool impeccability. Perhaps—for the cozy warmth of an upper-class nursery, with its night-lights and Noah's Arks, dances redly over her mocking pages—an ice-cream mold for a children's party would be in order: clear of color and outline; succulent to the taste; but a Platonic archetype of an ice that will not melt and blur, for her effect is anything but evanescent. CHARLES A. BRADY

### QUIXOTE OF THE BAR

*YANKEE LAWYER, THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF EPHRAIM TUTT.* Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50

THOUSANDS of Americans are familiar with Arthur Train's Lawyer Tutt through the courtesy of the *Saturday Evening Post*. Now we have Mr. Tutt's Tutt. Like the character in the Arabian tale, Mr. Tutt has issued from Train's inkbottle to talk back to his author and set down his own story. *Yankee Lawyer* is an elaborate trick, complete with photographs of the parental Tutt's and of Ephraim in his childhood and youth, and Scribner's and Train are perhaps at fault in presenting such a sure-fire deception. The tale is eminently readable, but its studied verisimilitude is sure to take in many good folk, and that seems pointless and a bit grotesque.

For nearly a quarter of a century Mr. Tutt has been fictionalized as a legalistic Robin Hood and a Daniel come to judgment, and this pseudo-autobiography will appeal to Tutt fans and to all who enjoy a good yarn,

because *Yankee Lawyer* is crammed with anecdotes, accounts of odd or crazy or hopelessly tangled legal problems, some melodramatic, some poignant, some funny, with solutions which are usually Tutt specials, legalistic *tours de force*.

Sending Tutt through Harvard, starting him as a practicing lawyer in a small town, advancing him to the New York District Attorney's office, moving him on still unspoiled to an impressive but unscrupulous law firm, and finally getting him into business on his own, where he was unscrupulous only on behalf of what he deemed justice, Train has put together a scaffolding which enables him to present and comment on many aspects of law practice. The chief value of the book is anecdotal. There is a good deal of homespun philosophizing and much legal theorizing, not enough to spoil the story, however. Some of it is sound, some harmless, and some twaddle. Mr. Tutt's jurisprudence and history of law are superficial, and his distinction between law and justice, of which he is pretty proud, is baseless, since he never defines justice. His highest juridical norm is what a gentleman and a good sportsman would do.

Ephraim Tutt looks like Uncle Sam in Arthur William Brown's *Saturday Evening Post* drawings, a kindly, pre-war Uncle Sam minus beard, not the current gloowering, finger-pointing Uncle Sam. And this is a coincidence, because Mr. Tutt is almost a type of what is best in the American character. Self-educated and self-made, he rises to the top of his profession from obscure origins in a Vermont village. His life is marked by independence of thought and action, integrity, a flare for adventure, devotion to the underdog, and a love of homely people and homely fun, like fishing and poker. It is unfortunately true that he is also typically American in his somewhat woolly and tentative notions about religion and the future life. Tutt is noblest and most lovable in his lifelong devotion to the woman he was unable to marry, and this romance is Train's best creative stroke. Anyone who is touched by the story must see that its nobility would vanish with the facile solution of divorce.

In the spirit of Scribner's and Mr. Train's giant archness, we would say that the book will probably become a classic example of legal fiction. LEONARD FEENEY

## OUT OF THE TINDER-BOX

ESCAPE FROM THE BALKANS. By Michael Padev. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$2.75

THE story begins in Sofia. The writer, Michael Padev, is a Bulgarian educated at the American College in that city. When the Germans came, he was arrested, examined, beaten, thrown into a concentration camp from which he was released; finally, he crossed the border into Turkey. Making his way to Cairo, he resumed his profession of journalist. In Jerusalem he married Princess Priscilla Bibesco. The couple are now in London.

The statement that the language of Bulgaria is closest to Russia, and that Russian literature has had a deep influence upon the author's countrymen, is well illustrated in the numerous narrative sections of this book. Often they are as grim and slow moving as passages in Dostoevsky. The writer says that Americans know little of the Balkan situation. This is so true that one could wish the harrowing tales of Gestapo cruelty had been curtailed, and more space given to the confused political situation in the seething Balkans.

With so many riots, uprisings, massacres and assassinations to describe, he manages to make clear at least the cardinal points of the Balkan puzzle. For years, dictators have misruled the Balkan States. In Bulgaria, wily King Boris by murder and treachery managed to hold his job. Another evil is extreme nationalism which has been artificially fostered from without. The peoples of the Balkan peninsula who lived harmoniously together under the easy yoke of the Turks are prepared, the author contends, to unite in a federation of Balkan

## Awakening from their own apathy

"Did you ever own a house before?" I heard someone ask Joe Laban at Antigonish in the summer of 1939. (Joe was the first leader of the group, a man (some people say) with a third-grade education, but with no fear of talking honestly to a thousand people.) "Never," he said; "nor a pig or a chicken. And we never hoped any of us, to own anything." In other words, the idea of ownership was lost among these miners. . . .

Now, no matter by what accidents the system has grown up, it is odd and fantastic: people not owning, people not commanding, people not masters of their work, or of tools, of the houses they live in, of the schools their children go to, but people commanded, people, in that case, possessed. They are not persons but things. And that is the situation a mere handful of men and women have set out to challenge and to correct, not by "shooting up" the town, the State or the Church, but by awakening from their own apathy; in fact, strictly by the Antigonish method of studying the possibilities of their situation and then going to work. . . .

The reason is that people have done something for themselves and for each other, and not merely (or chiefly) for a czar, a magnate, or a group of absentee stockholders. People are beginning to own. By this means they are already in part free creators of things, and orderers of their own lives. . . . That is normally required in being a person: to own, and consequently to have the wherewithal to exercise freedom, and then to exercise that freedom in an active love for one's neighbors. The men who merely seeks himself is only half a person, and is progressively less a person. . . .

That the proletariat should come to have property, and productive property, and that persons should work in groups to save themselves and to relieve the State of its present intolerable burdens—this is the hope of Pius XI in *Quadragesimo Anno*. And this is just what the men and women of Tompkinsville have done and do now. In that way, they also cease to belong to the downtrodden proletariat. . . .

Joe and Mary Laben's house is not just like Ray and Katie MacNabb's house, and not just like the Smiths' house or the Clarks'. Any particular house was built by the group, but it was built for the Labens or Smiths or MacNabbs and their children, and according to their specifications. . . . "If anybody had told me that I would work for the other fellow—for nothing!—that I'd do work on his house when it was his shift at the mine, and that he'd work for me, I wouldn't have believed one word, and I'd have laughed at him. I didn't believe anybody'd do anything for anybody; you know, outside of Lucy here and me for each other."

At Tompkinsville there is an inner spirit, a rebirth of man that is ten times as important as the fact that miners are beginning to live in their own houses. It is as if the people just learned now that they have souls. . . . Each man and each woman at Tompkinsville is a person. Everybody is somebody in this town.

—Quoted from Leo Ward's *NOVA SCOTIA: Land of Co-operators*. Price \$2.50

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States. In fact, his main thesis is that unity is not only possible, but that the underground and guerrilla movements have paved the way for federation, the only solution which will prevent civil wars in the future.

For writing this book he expects to be called a Communist. He professes his belief in democracy. He warned that the shrewd Boris would try to play up to the United Nations. The Bulgarians, who are strong admirers of Russia, hoped to see him deposed and punished for his many murders.

GEORGE T. EBERLE

**MALTA STORY.** By W. L. River. Based on the diary and experiences of Flying Officer Howard M. Coffin, R.A.F. E. P. Dutton and Co. \$2.50

THE story of Malta, the rock-fortress that withstood a thousand bombings in a hundred days, the sturdy little island whose people, bombed out of their homes, moved down into the earth and kept on fighting, should have something of an epic character. But *Malta Story* is the disappointing tale of the amorous adventures of three American officers in the R.A.F. and one English girl in the W.A.F.

The most interesting aspect of this book is the curious, unorthodox blend of fact and fiction which makes it almost review-proof. The authors take real people—four of the five principal characters lost their lives on Malta—and place them in situations which, if true, are in embarrassingly bad taste, and if fictitious, are coincidental to the point of amusement. While Pete Steele and Hody Coffin are passing through England en route to active flying duty, they fall in love desperately and simultaneously with "Jimmie" Towers. The three eventually turn up together on Malta, where Jimmie's husband and another suitor are also stationed. From a literary viewpoint, it was a fortunate bomb that removed most of the characters, because human ingenuity could never have extricated them from the complicated romantic situation.

*Malta Story* reveals little insight into the Maltese character, and shows no understanding or interpretation of the spirit that carried the Maltese through so terrible an ordeal. The action sequences are exciting and well handled, but the plot is pathetic.

Malta's real story apparently has yet to be written.

ELEANOR FLANAGAN

**RECKONING WITH LIFE.** By George A. Wilson. Yale University Press. \$2.75

"WE are bewildered and not sure of ourselves," begins Doctor Wilson as he sets out to explain life's meaning. The reader will be more bewildered when Doctor Wilson has finished; for life's meaning apparently consists in realizing that what men consider to be life has never existed.

It is Doctor Wilson's view that man's entire experience is his own creation or construction. Only a naive realism would consider stars and sunsets as distinct from man's experience of them. The reader will logically infer that the mother who bore him and the friend he loves are but "constructs" resulting from his response to the stimuli of an all-pervading "Force" which, for practical purposes, could be given the name God. Doctor Wilson avoids the absurdities of Idealism by asserting that man's creation of his universe is carefully conditioned by the stimuli from the independent Force; he likewise escapes the embarrassment of thinkers who consider the universe as independent of mind and cannot bridge the gap between them.

From these beginnings, the author derives a theory of the Self, without, however, asking the question where the Self came from. He investigates the problem of evil and explains it as a function of a reality that is good; evil is the condition that urges and compels, driving us, by overcoming it, to a fuller realization of ourselves and a higher perfection. His theory of personal immortality, within his own system, is strikingly plausible: a progressive realization of Self in a more intimate response to the absolute Force with which we have always been in contact.

Such is Doctor Wilson's gospel for a world insane with doubt and anxiety. His sincere purpose and earnest quest will not be questioned by his readers. But the whole world today screams the inability of such ideas to influence constructively the men who face the tragedy of our times.

Men are bewildered and are looking for an answer, as Doctor Wilson says so clearly. But one doesn't answer them by denying the existence of their questions. And Doctor Wilson, unfortunately, is an "Intellectualist" who, "with his logical instruments frees the world from mystery by ignoring the things to be explained."

JOSEPH P. FITZPATRICK, S.J.

ALASKA DIARY. By Ales Hrdlicka. The Jacques Cattell Press, Lancaster, Pa. \$5

THIS is the record of an anthropological Odyssey into largely unknown and uncharted territory. The author, now Emeritus Director of the Smithsonian Institution, made the four expeditions here chronicled to ferret out the origins of the American aborigines. I suppose most will agree that the Plymouth Rock of the first Americans must be sought for in Alaskan territory. If other regions sent blood-donors, there is little trace of it in the Eskimo and Indian of the present or past. Hence the importance of these chronicles—and of other work by the author and others—can hardly be exaggerated.

One is deeply impressed by the pioneering spirit of Dr. Hrdlicka. Almost no effort is too painstaking or difficult for him to accomplish his quest, and almost every step is faithfully chronicled in the diary. The author expressly disclaims all stylistic aspirations, and that makes it a very human document—if at times a bit difficult to read.

Many details on scenery, geography and natural phenomena fill the book. But the animadversions and considered judgments on the similarities and differences between the Indian and the Eskimo are of great interest and importance.

The author shows his rugged individualism in still maintaining the relative recency of the peopling of the Americas, and his eminent scholarship must at least act as a brake to the enthusiastic claims of those who would vindicate a hoary antiquity for at least the first Americans.

H. J. BIHLER

THE FREE MAN. By Conrad Richter. Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.75

A FORMER captain in the Revolution who had later represented his district in Congress and had managed a prosperous mill for decades is asked to reminisce; the captain is getting on, and the Lawyer Hartranft wants to get his obituary right in the paper. Henry Free, or Henner Frey in the dialect, remembers when, as Henry Dellicker, he shipped to Pennsylvania from the Palatine. His parents died of starvation on the way over; Henner found himself a bound servant in Philadelphia, subject to a haughty young Englishwoman. But Henner was young and spirited, wanting most of all to be free.

It takes the author less than 150 pages to limn with omniscient directness the tow-headed youth's challenge to Toryism. Henner's personal declaration of independence fortunately coincides with the outbreak of revolt, to which, by the way, the Pennsylvania Dutch contributed "the Kentucky rifle." Most novelists would need ampler space, but Mr. Richter gets full value from his characters and situations in these few pages. *The Free Man* is wrought with effective artistry and is as neat and authentic a bit of Americana as the Dutch oven.

RILEY HUGHES

LEONARD FEENEY, the noted author, teaches English literature at Weston College, Weston, Mass. H. J. BIHLER is professor of experimental psychology at Woodstock College. He studied anthropology at the University of Vienna.

RILEY HUGHES is instructor in English at Providence College. He does book reviewing for New Haven papers.

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# ART

SPIRITUALITY in art is something of a by-product and can scarcely be attained by objective effort. This thought came to me because of a criticism I heard directed against religious Latin-American paintings. This criticism took the form of a doubting question as to their spirituality. I have already stated my belief that this art holds the promise of renewed vitality in the religious field. In art, as in life, spirituality is largely a resultant matter. The main effort, in each case, is concerned with seemingly mundane and insignificant matters, but these are basic to any flowering of a spiritual kind. In art this basis lies in a large and comprehensive honesty of approach. By this I do not mean mere literalism. It is, rather, an approach that consists of acute, sublimated recognition of physical, known facts and, importantly, the artist's reaction to them.

The impaired quality of most serious, non-commercial art for Church uses arises out of an objective effort at a spiritual effect. I here mean art devised by persons of recognized talent. I said something to this end once before in speaking of the fine, unpretentious honesty of a religious painting by Carl Schmidt, a painting that is now the appreciated possession of Father D'Arcy, of Oxford. It is a similar honesty that is an impressive quality in many of the Latin-American paintings, and I believe if our artists in the religious field take care of the honesty of their painting approach, spirituality has a chance of emerging.

This idea was given point by seeing the two fine panels by Diego Rivera which are part of the permanent collection at the Philadelphia Museum. While neither of these is a religious subject, both are imbued with a feeling of human pity and terror which lifts them high in the plane of humanitarian expression. In them humanity is well comprehended in terms of sorrow and grandeur and such a comprehension is a necessary preliminary to religiously inspired works. These panels have the architectonic definiteness of pictorial organization, and faithfulness to physical types that is usual in the best Latin-American art. The merging of Spanish and Indian influences in them has flowered into a painting art that is, undoubtedly, the distinctive contribution of the Western Hemisphere.

It was enlightening to pass from these Rivera panels to the splendid Johnson Collection of pre-Renaissance paintings in the adjoining galleries. In spite of the great gulf of time and space that separates Medieval Europe from modern Latin America, it was interesting to find that the approach and basic assumptions were much the same in each case. Recalling the question of the spirituality of Latin-American works, I was impelled to examine these medieval religious paintings for traces of spiritual objectivity. There was almost none of it. In fact the note, as in most medieval work, was definitely human. The artists pictured what they actually knew, which was both a reasonable and humble action. What there was of spirituality was of a non-obvious kind and not a Murillo-like ecstasy which seeks an approximation of a heavenly condition. The difference between such an approximation and theatricality is not great.

The Johnson Collection was one of the most enjoyable groupings of pre-Renaissance paintings it has been my pleasure to see. Not only are the examples of Italian, French, Flemish and German works of exceptional interest and charm, but their arrangement is generally happy. For this fact the curator of paintings is to be congratulated, for he had to struggle against the disadvantage of galleries that are badly lighted for picture display. These medieval paintings are further evidence that the approach to the expression of the Divine, in art, is through the sympathetic delineation of aspects of humanity.

BARRY BYRNE

# THEATRE

COMERS AND GOERS. No real authority will deny that up till the end of August this has been a dull and disappointing theatrical season. Playgoers have taken the disappointment hard, as theoretically the condition seemed ripe for interest and variety.

Thousands of New Yorkers who usually pass their summers out of town remained here this summer because they were not allowed to use their automobiles to get anywhere else, or to take their usual jaunts even if they could reach their country homes. They have stayed in town, recalling the iridescent promises producers have been giving us from early Spring to early Autumn; and the cold truth is that they have been deeply disappointed in most of our new theatrical attractions.

Two of these, most widely advertised before production—*Run, Little Chillun*, and *The Chauve Souris*—went off the New York stage almost as soon as they got on it. Both had some excellent qualities. John Golden, by sheer managerial genius, has wrested something like a run out of *Three Is a Family*, which was coldly received by most of the critics in town. Elizabeth Bergner, by the brilliance of her acting, has saved a rather weak melodrama, *The Two Mrs. Carrolls*.

The real hits of the early season of '42, such as *Tomorrow the World*, *Janie, Rosalinda*, *The Skin of Our Teeth*, *The Doughgirls*, *Something For the Boys*, and *Oklahoma*, are still going strong. Other hits like the Lunts in *The Pirate*, Katherine Cornell in her revival of *The Three Sisters*, Gertrude Lawrence's return in *Lady In the Dark*, Ethel Barrymore's in *The Corn Is Green*, had warm receptions and good runs, but closed before the hot season. *The Vagabond King* departed too early, I thought, but *Stars On Ice* deserved and experienced one of its most successful seasons.

Of the old stand-bys which have been with us a year or more *Angel Street*, *Arsenic and Old Lace*, and *Life With Father*, are still delighting their audiences. The revival of *The Merry Widow*, a comparative newcomer, has settled down for a run which should equal that of *Rosalinda*; and the Ziegfeld Follies are filling the Winter Garden.

Announcements of new offerings are coming in with the usual managerial uncertainty as to dates. *The Snark was a Boojum*, which has had its name changed two or three times, usually for the worse, is supposed to be on our stage a week or more before these lines appear.

New offerings cheerfully announced, and possibly to be as cheerfully postponed, are Gypsy Rose Lee's Comedy, *The Naked Genius*, a new musical farce called *Hairpin Harmony* (that title should be changed!), *Laugh Time*, optimistically promised for September 8, *The Mask of Virtue*, *Star Dust*, a comedy supposed to be with us the first week in October, and *Blind Date*, also a musical comedy. There is special interest as well as probable authenticity in the announcement that Elmer Rice has written a new play for Betty Field which will open in New York at the Royale on September 15. This is definite enough to be taken seriously. Another promising newcomer is Walter Drey's *Manhattan Nocturne*, in which Eddie Dowling is to play the leading role. The play deals with a disillusioned couple who separate because they are bored by culture and luxury. Stella Adler will direct the play. *All in All* is also promised for a New York September opening, but not very positively.

*Blithe Spirit*, without Leonora Corbett, is to reopen on September sixth for a brief return engagement at the Morosco. Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood and Mildred Natwick will all resume their original roles, but *Blithe Spirit* without Miss Corbett is hard to imagine. The play will not linger with us long, however, as it starts a season's tour on the road in October.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

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## FILMS

**WATCH ON THE RHINE.** Though time and recent developments might have been expected to dim some of the luster of this stage success of a few seasons ago, the very faithful celluloid translation of Lillian Hellman's play sparkles throughout and builds up a suspense that terrifies. Bouquets must go to Herman Shumlin for his able, expressive direction and to a distinguished cast for superb performances. Paul Lukas repeats the role of the underground agent which he created behind the footlights and he sketches this courageous man in unforgettable strokes. Bette Davis' subdued portrayal of the patient, understanding wife is amazingly moving and sympathetic. As the story opens, these two who have actively fought Fascism in Europe for seven long years seek a refuge, with their three children, in the Washington home of the wife's mother. Before they have tasted the peace of warless America a chain of events involves the anti-Nazi and leaves him no choice but to return to his native land to help further the cause to which he is dedicated. Moments of unbelievable violence are contrasted with overpoweringly tender ones as the drama unfolds. The film runs the gamut of heartrending emotion, though it is sprinkled with delightful humor through Lucile Watson's characterization of the capricious mother. *Adult* audiences must consider this distinguished screen effort when seeking entertainment. (Warner)

**CLAUDIA.** Hollywood has done another praiseworthy job of adapting a Broadway hit in this silver-screen chronicle of Rose Franken's childlike heroine. In tender and sensitive terms the story of Claudia, the beloved scatter-brain, is traced. How this young wife of a promising architect learns to face the realities of life is the film's theme. The maturing of Claudia is effected by means of episodes that are sometimes poignant, sometimes heart-warming, with the climax coming when the knowledge of impending motherhood and the fatal illness of her adored mother confront the girl almost simultaneously. Dorothy McGuire makes her celluloid debut in the part she made popular on the stage, and it is a memorable one. She is so definitely the light-hearted child wife who cannot understand finance and who unashamedly admits the joy of eaves-dropping on a party telephone wire. Robert Young is believable and just serious enough as the husband who is often baffled by his beloved's fantastic adventures and attitudes. Ina Claire gives a fine performance as Claudia's mother. Through his capable direction Edmund Goulding has managed to drain every drop of homely drama and gay humor out of this domestic tale and has not permitted the limited scene of its action to dwarf the story's scope. *Mature* moviegoers will delight in the warm qualities of this family record. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

**HOLY MATRIMONY.** Monty Woolley has a role that was made to order for his unique talents in this picture which is based on Arnold Bennett's novel *Buried Alive*. That acrid sarcasm which is the actor's trademark is allowed to run rampant as he portrays a renowned British painter with a hatred for publicity and the fawning attendant on it, who, as he returns to England to be knighted, assumes the name of his dead valet. The deception results in numerous complications, all the way from the servant's burial in Westminster Abbey to the artist's marriage to the dead man's correspondence fiancée. Gracie Field's down-to-earth good humor as the bride is a charming contrast to the brittle contempt of the hero. This combination is certain to please any *adult* audience and in the bargain they will witness an engaging, superior piece of diversion. (Twentieth Century-Fox)  
MARY SHERIDAN

# CORRESPONDENCE

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## MORE ELECTRIC LIGHT, LESS HEAT

EDITOR: Orlando A. Battista's article in the August 7 issue illustrates two objectionable tendencies which are very common. The first is to repeat, without careful examination, what has been heard or read, and the second is to state something which is true but which carries an inference which is false.

Mr. Battista states that "Nobody really knows what electricity is (exclamation point)." How often have I seen and heard that statement! It is true, of course, but why the exclamation point? The inference seems to be that electricity is unique in this respect; that somebody "really" knows what most things are. Water is very common and I suppose we all feel that we know what it is, but who "really" knows what water is? It is known to be a compound made up of hydrogen and oxygen atoms. What is a hydrogen atom? There are a lot of answers but no one "really" knows what an atom is. No one "really" knows what air is or steel or light or color or energy or hate. I cannot think of anything of which it can be said that someone "really" knows what it is. (I am assuming that "really" means that everything having reality or truth is included.)

Mr. Battista says that the physicist has not "come anywhere near to defining 'electricity.'" Webster says that a definition is a description of a thing by its properties. Engineers say that electricity consists of particles which repel like particles and whose motion causes a magnetic field. It seems to me that is a very simple definition and is not polemical. (Perhaps it is oversimplified.) Any particle that repels a like particle and produces a magnetic field when it moves is recognized as a particle of electricity. A complete definition would describe all the properties of a thing so the definition given is not complete and no one can give such a definition.

Hundreds of books have been necessary to contain the information which is available about the properties of electricity; the size and mass of a particle of electricity, what it does under many conditions and its relations to other things. Many more books have been required to contain the known information about electricity than are required to contain the information we have about water; so it seems to me that we know what electricity is to a greater extent than we know what water and other common things are.

Santa Clara, Calif.

GEORGE L. SULLIVAN

## LONDON ANSWERS LANCASHIRE

EDITOR: Your correspondent "H.J.C." is singularly unfortunate in picking on Christopher Hollis (AMERICA, September 4, 1943) as some sort of apologist in the morality of bombing. Hollis is quoted as saying in the *Commonweal* that "the greater part of the bombing of London has been upon the business quarters in the city and during the night when there is nobody there." That sort of stuff can be comfortably written by Hollis from the immunity of Stonyhurst in Lancashire. But there are at least 10,000 caretakers, janitors and other office tenders in the business quarters of the city all the time. And was Buckingham Palace in the business quarters of the city, or Westminster Abbey, the House of Commons, the old pro-cathedral of Our Lady of Victories at Kensington, the Catholic Cathedral of Saint George at Southwark?

And, continues Mr. Hollis: "I do not know that the people of London need all the sympathy," etc. What sort

of an Englishman is this who has never heard of West Ham, Canning Town, Poplar, Stepney, Whitechapel, Shoreditch, Bethnal Green, and other places in the East End where the dead lay in their thousands? These slums needed to be wiped out, Heaven knows; but was it of no account that the slum-dwellers were wiped out in the process? There are only two Catholic churches in the business quarters of the City of London. Did Pius XII send ten thousand pounds to restore just two churches destroyed in these same business quarters? What sort of "heavy propaganda" is this?

New York, N. Y.

HENRY WATTS

## SURVEY OF SISTERHOODS

EDITOR: The item noted in the "Underscorings" column of AMERICA (issue of August 7), concerning a forthcoming "circularization of all religious congregations of nuns for the compiling of a comprehensive book on the various sisterhoods," would seem to imply somewhat officially that no such book exists—which is not the case. Permit me, please, to instance the title of my own *Religious Orders of Women in the United States*, a work which covers this very field, and authoritatively so, in a single, compendious volume.

In strict justice not merely to the title, but to the religious communities of women in this country, nearly all of whom cooperated in supplying the materials embodied in this book upon its issuance in 1930, the fact that such a volume has already been published should not be overlooked, especially considering that it is today in current circulation; is cited on the standard reference lists; and available in numerous libraries, both Catholic and secular.

Lafayette, Ind.

ELINOR TONG DEHEY

## GREETINGS FROM QUEBEC

EDITOR: I gratefully acknowledge receipt of an issue of AMERICA, dated August 21, 1943, in which there is discussion of the progress made in my parish in the matter of cooperatives.

I thank you sincerely for having mentioned this cooperative work in your Review. If I were able to write in English, I would give you much interesting information on the organizations which I have started here, in order to anticipate, in so far as possible, the problems of the postwar period and at the same time help my people right now.

St. Meurice de l'Echourie REV. J. ALFRED GAGNON

## HEALTH AND HOLLAND

EDITOR: In your Comment, "All This Health and Vigor" (August 28, 1943), you call the Netherlands a "birth-control country," which seems rather unfair, since it had one of the highest birthrates in Europe before Hitler marched in. Large families are the rule there, and it was only after I came to America that I encountered the anti-child attitude so common to birth-controlled minds. Perhaps the smallness of a country, and the ease with which it can be administered, have more to do with health and vigor than the number of children.

Washington, D. C.

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# PARADE

THE following letter was recently received. . . . "Editor: Reading your magazine, AMERICA, dated July 17, 1943, I wish to say that I do not think very much of the article which you publish about Protestant ministers. I will enclose the article so that you will know what I mean. I am a Protestant myself, and your magazine is a Catholic publication. It is not right to throw down a Doctor of Divinity like your article did. I would like you to show proof of your statement."

The writer enclosed the last paragraph from this column for July 17, which read: "Not so very many years ago, the Protestant minister who did not believe in the Divinity of Christ was a very rare individual. Recent surveys indicate that today great numbers of Protestant clergymen do not believe that Christ is God. This drift creates the presumption that at some future date the Protestant clergyman who still believes in Christ will be sufficiently unusual to get a front-page write-up under banner headlines."

Proof: Writing in *Fortune* for May, 1942, Rev. Willard L. Sperry, Dean of Harvard Divinity School, declared: "Those of us who were trained for the liberal ministry at the beginning of this century were brought up in a world that was indifferent to the sort of issue that had bothered our predecessors; the nature of Biblical inspiration, miracles, the doctrine of the Trinity, and the like." . . . A Southern Protestant clergyman recently stated that only a few of his classmates at the Harvard Divinity School believed in Christ's Divinity.

There have been various surveys of the beliefs of Protestant clergymen. . . . This one appeared in January, 1943, in *Our Lady of Perpetual Help* and was reprinted in the *Catholic Digest*, March, 1943. . . . "Some time ago George Herbert Betts of Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill., addressed a questionnaire on fundamental doctrines of Christianity to 1,500 non-Catholic ministers and students for the ministry representing twenty or more denominations, among them Episcopalians, Lutherans, Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists and Congregationalists. Of those questioned 700 replied. . . . Of the 500 clergymen actually in charge of parishes who replied to the questions, only 76 per cent believed in the Divinity of Christ; only 80 per cent that Christ was born of a virgin; only 82 per cent that He rose again from the dead; and only 73 per cent in the resurrection of man's body. Only 67 per cent believed in Original Sin; only 35 per cent in the necessity of Baptism; only 41 per cent that it is necessary to belong to a church at all; and 43 per cent believed that, regardless of creed or personal belief, people should be received into church membership. . . . The replies of those who were preparing for the ministry were even more appalling. Of these, only 44 per cent believed in the Trinity; only 64 per cent that God is omnipotent; only 38 per cent that He is unchangeable; only 24 per cent that God has wrought any miracles; only 9 per cent that there is a devil; only 8 per cent that the Bible was written under the inspiration of God; only 45 per cent that Christ had power to restore the dead to life; and only 29 per cent that His death was the one act which made possible the forgiveness of man's sins. Only 42 per cent believed in the Resurrection of Christ; only 18 per cent in the resurrection of man's body; only 20 per cent in eternal punishment; only 18 per cent that man's fate in eternity is determined by his spiritual status at the time of death; only 17 per cent in a General Judgment; only 13 per cent in Original Sin; only 14 per cent in the necessity of Baptism; and only 16 per cent that it is necessary to belong to any church." . . . The proper perspective is achieved when it is recalled that 100 per cent of the Catholic clergy believe in all these teachings of Christ.

JOHN A. TOOMEY

## THE AMERICA BOOK-LOG FOR AUGUST

REPORTING THE RETURNS SENT BY THE CATHOLIC BOOKDEALERS FROM ALL SECTIONS OF THE COUNTRY ON THE TEN CATHOLIC BOOKS HAVING THE BEST SALE DURING THE PAST MONTH.

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*Rose Unpetaled*—*Morteveille*  
*Screwtape Letters*—*Lewis*  
*These Two Hands*—*Edwards*  
*Mass of Brother Michel*—*Kent*  
*Larks of Umbria*—*Schimberg*

Following the best ten in order of popularity come: *Celestial Homespun*—Burton, with 13 votes; *Outline History of the Church by Centuries*—McSorley, 11; *Our Good Neighbor Hurdle*—White and *Principles for Peace*, compiled by the Rev. Harry C. Koenig, 10; *Pageant of the Popes*—Farrow, 8. This is AMERICA'S monthly report on Catholic reading.

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